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## REVIEWS.

## WAGNER AS ESSAYIST.

*Richard Wagner's Prose-Works.* Translated by William Ashton Ellis. Vol. VI. (Kegan Paul.)

WAGNER as musician has long since triumphed even over sceptical England, which for years sneered at him as a musical charlatan. On our present operatic stage, like Alexander he reigns, and reigns alone, without (to continue the quotation) a rival near the throne—for Verdi, great though his *Otello* be, is not of the same Titanic order. But who in England knows Wagner the essayist? Nay, for that matter, how many Englishmen know any of the great musicians who have likewise been writers on music—know them, that is, in their literary capacity? How many know Schumann as a writer? Nay, how many know Berlioz, who had a demoniacal *verve* in writing akin to his inextinguishable ardour in music? Not surprising is it, therefore, if few know Wagner the *littérateur*. For Wagner has not the advantages of Berlioz—those advantages which ought to make Berlioz the most popular of musical critics, did we possess any translation of his voluminous critical papers—his clearness, directness, barbed and arrowy point, his admirable *virtuosity* of style (as Wagner himself would call it). Wagner is regretably hampered by the German vice of cumbrousness—that vice which seems inherent in the German tongue, and could not well be escaped by a musician seeking to express himself in a medium for which his immense and life-long study of music had left him scant opportunity to qualify himself. Yet he is no mere professorial pedant—he is too full of fierce energy for that; and every now and again he is as direct as heart could wish. But the essential difference between him and Berlioz—that other great musician-writer—lies deeper than any mere difference of style. Berlioz is a purely æsthetic and technical critic of music. Which is to say, he is a Frenchman. Wagner is a philosophic critic of music. Which is to say, he is a German. Now the ideas of any

man who rests his ideas upon a philosophic basis must needs overflow beyond his individual craft. A philosophic poet will have ideas and interests beyond poetry, because his philosophy is of universal application; and so in other arts. Therefore, Wagner's essays extend far beyond the limits of mere music; though they usually revolve round music as their centre. Therefore, also, they are concerned with profound principles and conceptions which do not lend themselves to the vivacious and dashing style of a Berlioz; which demand a more remote expression. Only a very skilled *littérateur*—and not a German—could impart to the expression of them perspicuity and precision.

In compensation, as we have said, Wagner's interests are wide-reaching. He by no means straitens himself to mere technical criticism of music. Nothing he writes is devoid of interest. Such is the forcible originality of the man, that his most occasional manifestoes have strokes of individuality, have the image and superscription of Wagner. The papers collected in this sixth volume are mostly from his own periodical—the *Bayreuther Blätter*. It was in itself a wonderful thing. For the first time in musical history, a composer had his own organ like any Continental statesman, addressed to and read by his own followers throughout Germany. It was something much more than Schumann's paper—a musical paper addressed to the general musical public. The foundation-stone of the *Bayreuther Blätter* was the Wagner *Verein*, the societies established throughout Germany for the cultivation not only of the Wagner music, but of the Wagner principles in music; nay, as Wagner handled these *Verein* through his paper, of the Wagner principles with regard to the social order. The Browning Society is a most phantasmal image of the thing. That never extended beyond the cultivation of the master's poetry; above all, it was not in communication with the master. Here, in Germany, we perceive the astonishing spectacle of a united league, having ramifications throughout the country, having its own organ, addressed by the master himself through that organ, and devoted to propagating his views on music and society, no less than to propagating his actual compositions in music. Ruskin, with *Fors Clavigera*, is the nearest example which can make it intelligible to Englishmen.

Often, indeed, when Wagner is in the denunciatory mood, his Germanic cumbrousness drops off him; and he becomes fiercely direct after a fashion which strongly recalls the invective of Mr. Ruskin, so inspiring to those who sympathise with it, so irritating to those who do not. Take a very imperfect sample, chosen haphazard—by search we might find a closer parallel. But it perhaps better enforces the likeness because it is taken at random:

"Our little sheet will seem quite despicable in the eyes of the great papers. Let us hope they will pay no heed to it at all; and if they call it a nook-and-corner tract, in their sense that will be an inappropriate title, since our nooks extend over the whole of Germany. Nevertheless, we might gladly accept the anticipated nickname, and for sake of a good

omen it brings to my mind. In Germany it is always the nook, and not the large capital, that has been in truth productive. What should we ever have got had we waited for the reflux from our great market-places, promenades, and Ring-strasses; what but the putrid leavings of a national production that had once flowed thither? A good spirit watched over our great poets and thinkers when it banned them from these larger towns of Germany. There, where servility and crudeness tear the morsel of amusement from each other's mouth, can nothing be brought forth, but merely chewed again. . . . As far as we are concerned, anyone in the capitals who does not seek himself a quiet 'nook'—in which, unheeded and unheeding, to puzzle out the riddle: 'What the German is?'—may be made a Privy Councillor, or what not, and despatched by the Herr Kulturminister to arrange the affairs of other musical centres upon occasion."

This is as direct, as full of denunciatory scorn for the worldly multitude, as anything in Ruskin. There is, moreover, a reason for such resemblance. The influence of Carlyle upon the later Ruskin is known and patent. Now, Wagner had read Carlyle, and more than once quotes him in this very volume.

But there is very much more in Wagner than mere gladiatorship. He is full of deep and illuminative thought. His philosophy is thorough and systematic, though it may commend itself to few. It is the philosophy of Schopenhauer, *plus* those Hindoo philosophies which are really the basis of Schopenhauer. Nobody with even a superficial knowledge of the Brahministic and Buddhist systems of philosophies can fail to trace their echoes in many a Wagnerian passage. Sometimes it is the Vedantine philosophy, sometimes the Buddhistic, but always it is well marked. Nor does he leave us to conjecture. He makes habitual and eulogistic reference to the Hindoo systems; nay, he shows a pretty close acquaintance with Hindooism in all directions. He derived one very fine and apt image from the distinction between Brahmins and Chandalas, with the legal ordinances pertaining to that distinction. We have no space to quote and explain the many profound philosophic utterances contained in the great musician's essays. But in another direction, where he commands a more peculiar and authoritative interest—in music pure and simple—these papers contain most enlightening deliverances. But here, also, space denies quotation, so much of explanatory context would it involve. Yet one citation we will make, on the method to be pursued by a really inspired dramatic composer in arriving at the *motif* appropriate to this or that character, in music-drama of the Wagnerian kind. We make it, because obviously it is nothing less than an autobiographic confession of what were the processes and phenomena of inspiration in his own case. For that reason it has a very special and personal interest—to those who can rightly follow and understand it. He recommends his would-be followers not to use a libretto unless they see in it a plot and characters that lively interest them. Then (he says to his supposed follower):

"Let him take a good look at the one character which appeals to him the most this

very day; bears it a mask—away with it; wears it the garment of a stage-tailor's dummy—off with it! Let him set it in a twilight-spot, where he can only see the gleaming of its eye; if that speak to him, the shape itself will now most likely fall a-moving, which perhaps will even terrify him—but he must put up with that; at last its lips will part, it opens its mouth, and a ghostly voice breathes something quite distinct, intensely seizable, but so unheard-of (such as the 'Guest of Stone, and surely the page Cherubino, once said to Mozart) that—he wakes from out his dream. All has vanished; but in the spiritual ear it still rings on; he has had an 'idea,' a so-called musical *motiv*; God knows if other men have heard the same, or something similar, before! Does it please X. Y., or displease Z.? What is that to him? It is his *motiv*, legally delivered to and settled on him by that marvellous shape, in that wonderful fit of absorption."

The "twilight-spot," of course, is the twilight of contemplation; and similarly the whole thing is an intensely personal confession, not to be understood unless by a musician of like dramatic genius; or perhaps a stray poet who has known something akin to it in the combination and birth of the images passing before his eye, with the words which they simultaneously dictate to him. With this we must take our leave of the book, merely referring to the excessively interesting and personal essay on *Music Applied to the Drama*. We congratulate Mr. Ashton Ellis on his enterprise in undertaking the translation of essays so outside the usual trend of English interest, but of great importance to all who would understand Wagner. The manner of his version, however, is somewhat to seek. Not only is he at times too Germanic—this may be pardoned in the case of a writer so difficult to reduce to idiomatic English as Wagner—but he has one or two of the worst vices of style prevalent in journalistic English, and forces those vices into horrible prominence. The "hanging participle" is peppered over his pages; and (worse still) the "split infinitive" is carried to night-marish lengths. We do not care to quote, because we do not care to emphasise objections to a sterling project, and most desirable project, carried out with thorough-going pains. We needed these Wagnerian prose writings, full of the master's depth and reach. And all who are not interested in Wagner to a merely superficial degree will welcome their translation, and thank the translator—blemishes of detail set aside. Here is the verbal speech of a transcendent artist, whose art was based upon a vast philosophy of life. Be that philosophy right or wrong, it cannot be neglected by those who would understand the aim of his musical speech. Therefore, we welcome what is (in effect) Wagner's musical speech translated by himself into prose. "Egad, the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two!" That may be said; for there are many who can dimly follow the language of emotion, but are quite incapable of following the language of intellectual statement.

### SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

*My Life in Two Hemispheres.* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

In the course of his long life, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has written many volumes; indeed, it is as an Irish author that he will be remembered, rather than as an Irish politician; as editor of the famous *Nation*, biographer of Thomas Davis, historian of *Young Ireland*, rather than as an Irish agitator or legislator of the first order. Nothing that he has achieved for Ireland is of lasting value, except in so far as much of his literary work must retain an educational influence. He has emphatically been, in no bad sense, a man of words, not of deeds. It is curious, therefore, and almost amusing, to note his description of that Fenian leader, Mr. John O'Leary, who is to-day one of the best-known and most revered men in Ireland:

"He was a Fenian of a class which I had never seen before, and rarely afterwards; moderate in opinion, generally just to opponents, and entirely without passion or enthusiasm except a devoted love of Ireland. He was a great reader of books, and, I fear, a great dreamer of dreams."

Mr. O'Leary's "dream," which landed him in Portland, was the "dream" of Wolfe Tone, the United Irishmen, Lord Edward and Emmet; that "dream" of Irish action, in which alone Ireland has faith, and which is more practical than any pretty and impossible "union of hearts." Mr. O'Leary's one published book, his *Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism*, with its grim Tacitean terseness of phrase, its unsparing honesty, its passion without "bunkum" and "blarney," is a more expressive and effective work for Nationalist readers than the far more practised and fluent writings of his friend Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. "On our side," said Felice Orsini, speaking of Young Italy, "we have had the genius of words, but poverty in action": it has been far more true of Ireland. The greater part of these two large volumes is concerned with Ireland, from the leadership of O'Connell to the rise of Parnell, and mostly records the experiences and personal efforts of the writer. The remainder is devoted to his Australian life: this is fascinating and fresh, full of vigorous themes and suggestive thoughts, of picturesqueness and humour; but we can here make but one comment: The man, who in Ireland could not put his hand to any work, could not exercise his abilities in any direction, without running the risk, and often gaining the experience, of trial and imprisonment; the man, who in his native land found himself in constant conflict with the representatives of government and law, and whom they regarded as a dangerous and immoral person, a lawless firebrand; this man sets foot in Victoria, and becomes a valued, trusted, and prominent citizen in public life. He becomes Member, Minister, Premier, Speaker, K.C.M.G.; he shows himself a strong, able, and reasonable man of affairs. It is no new thing: he comes of that race which, proscribed at home, has given to British Colonies a host of leading adminis-

trators, and to foreign countries a host of marshals, generals, premiers, viceroys, presidents, men in all varieties of commanding position. When Patrick Sarsfield lay dying upon a foreign field, that chief of the "Wild Geese" cried, "Would God this blood were shed for Ireland!" And thousands of Irishmen with political genius and governmental faculty have saddened at the thought, that there was no room for their abilities in Ireland, without disloyalty to the ancient National cause. The two alternatives are "loyalty" to Ireland by "treason" to England, or exile from Ireland altogether. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, after giving the best years of his life to Irish agitation, with no tangible result, exiled himself, and rose to the highest offices. But he and his countrymen, who are thus found worthy elsewhere, are treated by British Governments as fools or knaves, whose convictions about Ireland are beneath contempt or merit punishment. Truly a paradox. The distinguished writer's life in Ireland extends over a period of splendid patriotism, and tragic disappointment, and sickening apostasy; it embraces the rise and spread of "Young Ireland," the mournful decline of O'Connell, the abject collapse of Irish hopes, with which are associated in infamy the names of Keogh, Sadleir, and O'Flaherty. It is a period which witnessed a marvellous community of feeling between North and South, a great outburst of literary talent, the bringing of "a soul into Eiré"; it is rich with the names and memories of such irreproachable men as Davis, Martin, Smith O'Brien, of men fiery and vehement as Mitchel and Meagher. It saw the monster meetings of Tara and the quarrels of Conciliation Hall; it saw the young leaders of the *Nation* compelled, with aching hearts, to join issue against the veteran O'Connell, the "Liberator" turned timorous, if not treacherous. It abounded in notable characters and scenes, and through it all is felt the passion of a people, torn this way and that, but always passionate with one desire. The writer relates it all with admirable vividness and skill, with a constant wish, and one mostly realised, to be scrupulously fair to all. Even in the chapter devoted to the refutation of Mitchel's *Jail Journal* accusations, Sir Charles shows little animosity, which is the more praiseworthy in him, inasmuch as the *Jail Journal*, that fierce and fascinating book, is an Irish classic, and will be read by thousands upon thousands to the end of time. Then, Sir Charles gives us his reminiscences of famous men—Carlyle and Disraeli, Newman and Manning, Bright and Lowe, Browning and Thackeray, with many more. His book is not only for the "mere" Irishman, but includes plenty of attractions for those readers who may care nothing for the interminable sorrows and absurdities of Inisfail. He tells a good story well, and his volumes are full of them. An occasional drawback is his reference, for fear of repetition, to his earlier works, which deal more minutely with certain aspects and phases of the time; but this was perhaps inevitable.

Sir Charles was born in 1816: the memory of '98 was not twenty years old, and in his native Ulster it was naturally keen and



strong. When, upon a certain historic day in the Phoenix Park, he, in conjunction with his young contemporaries, Davis and Dillon, formed their scheme of the *Nation* journal, it was plainly present to their minds that the principles, if not all the practices, of '98 were legitimate, and might have to be put into practice once more. It was upon that rock that the split with O'Connell occurred. It is a pathetic figure, the wonderful figure of O'Connell. "Mighty, magnificent, mean old man! Silver tongue, smile of witchery, heart of melting ruth! Lying tongue, smile of treachery, heart of unfathomable fraud!" So runs Mitchel's celebrated and cruel description of him: like all Mitchel's portraits, more plausible than subtle, and not quite free from personal feeling. The man whose eloquence of a thousand gifts had so stirred Ireland, that the cry for Catholic Emancipation became irresistible, could not believe that Repeal would not be won by the same means. Before vast multitudes in the open he threatened open war, and thought that the threat would wring Repeal from the British Ministry. It did not, and the Irish masses waited for his call to arms, which never came. Hoping against hope, broken in health, he shrank from his own promises and prophecies; he denounced and ridiculed the Young Irelanders, who were "ready to die" for Ireland. "You and I, boys, we'll live for Ireland." The glamour was dissolved, the charm broken; he turned more and more from action, and betook himself to constant prayer. He dies at last in Genoa, bequeathing his body to Ireland, his heart to Rome; and no "war" has come about from that day to this: there have been but the desperate efforts and futile results of Smith O'Brien and of the Fenians twenty years later. Had O'Connell dared to hold the prohibited meeting of Clontarf, '98 would have been repeated, and with excellent chances of success. His heart failed him, and his genuine sense of the horrors of war, always strong in him, prevailed over both patriotism and statesmanship. But it is touching to remember how those young men at whom he scoffed and with whom he quarrelled bore with his weakness to the last. One solace was always open to such men as Davis and the writer of these volumes: their educational work for Ireland, their literary propaganda by the dissemination of songs and essays, histories and biographies, their labours to create and foster the taste for patriotic knowledge. That is a weapon in which Sir Charles has never ceased to believe, never ceased to wield; and, assuredly, if the principles of '98 must be held in abeyance, this intellectual culture of the people is an infinitely better preparation for the final attainment of their liberties than such appeals to material interests as agrarian and like-minded movements. At a momentous time in the writer's fortunes, after his last trial and acquittal, two prominent Irishmen gave two strangely dissimilar pieces of advice. That most remarkable man, with a fighter's soul in a hunchback's body, James Fintan Lalor, counselled immediate insurrection in Munster. Dillon, the father

of a present Irish leader, counselled the removal of the *Nation* to London, and the making it the organ, "not of Irish nationality alone, but of a philosophic radicalism embracing the whole empire." Here we have two characteristic dangers. Here is the demand for physical force at all costs at any time; and here is the "philosophic radicalism" which subordinates the national claims of Ireland to the supposed "rights of man" anywhere and everywhere. Both are disastrous for Ireland, but the latter is the worse of the two. Nationalism is an higher and moresacred thing than humanitarianism. But even Dillon's proposal was better than the various Irish movements which subordinate the national claim to some utilitarian or sectarian class interest; and do nothing to promote the unity of classes, for which the leaders in '98 so laboured. Sir Charles did what he could—revived the *Nation* in Dublin, promoted the Ulster League, took his part in "Parliamentary agitation," and a policy of independence upon Ministries, until the great betrayal took place, and the "Brass Band," with Ministerial bribes in their pockets, and broken oaths upon their consciences, drove him to despair of further usefulness in Ireland, and he became one of "the sea-divided Gael": no longer a suspect and criminal person, the supposed advocate of massacre and enemy of religion, but just what he was and is—an orderly, grave, devout, and accomplished man, fit to preside over legislative assemblies and the deliberations of statesmen. And yet there is no difference between the rebel "Duffy of the *Nation*" and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. Strange English delusion that insists upon making one!

Great things have happened in and for and against Ireland since he left it to begin his brilliant career in another hemisphere; but Ireland has not been able to "recapture that first fine early rapture" of the Young Ireland days.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven."

In those days, of which he was *pars magna*, there was a spirit in Ireland, as passionate as that of '98, yet with something of a more spiritual refinement and intellectual purity. Sir Charles may well be proud to have been the friend, colleague, and biographer of the man, to whom the best of modern Irishmen have owed what is best in them—Thomas Davis. To his memory, and to the memory of the movement which he inspired, which he died too young to guide to triumph, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has once more, in a work of the greatest value and charm, consecrated the best of his high ability.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

#### BOY OR GIRL?

*Schenk's Theory—The Determination of Sex.*  
By Dr. Leopold Schenk, Director of the Embryological Institute at Vienna.  
Authorised translation. (The Werner Company.)

PROF. SCHENK'S "secret" is out. What Mudie will do with it, what the public will

say to it, now that the curiosity aroused by newspaper hints can be gratified, remains to be seen. Probably it will be dropped like the proverbial hot potato. For Prof. Schenk's "secret" is not to be come at without much preliminary wading through matters physiological, and of a kind that the ordinary prudish person never mentions and can hardly bear to think of. The Malthusian literature of twenty years ago did not approach in frankness or circumstantiality this latest fruit of philosophy, written by an embryologist for embryologists, and, except indirectly, never intended for the public at all.

So much by way of preface, and as a warning to those who regard all particulars relating to the mode of our generation as indelicate. Sensibly minded people, of course, do not do so. To begin with, the historical sketch which precedes the actual subject-matter of Prof. Schenk's book, though simply and plainly written, is given in so brief a fashion, and so often consists of mere references to obscure works of science, that the general public could not be expected to grasp the full significance of all the facts and theories on which the author has based his own researches. Reduced to lowest possible terms, the two main theories in existence as regards the anterior determination of sex are, first, what is known as the "cross-heredity" theory; and, secondly, the law of Thury. The "cross-heredity" theory, which has had many respectable adherents, and which is supported to some extent by statistics, is to the effect that when one of two parents is sexually the superior the offspring is likely to be of the opposite sex. Thus, if the father be sexually superior to the mother, a girl may be expected to result, and *vice versa*. What "sexually superior" means cannot be exactly determined: it may be a temporary or a permanent condition; it may mean younger and more vigorous, better fed, or subject to stronger sexual excitement. An example of the kind of evidence on which such a theory is based may be found in an episode narrated by Felkin and Vilson, and quoted by Schenk. The Wagandas are a warlike, raiding race, killing the men and old women of their conquered foes, and leading the children, young women, and girls into captivity. On one occasion 486 of the women gave birth to children on their march. Of these 79 were boys and 403 girls. The inquirers, struck by this fact, found everywhere in the Sudan the same excess of girls. They also found that the women were harder worked, worse nourished, and more exhausted than the men.

Thury's law is based upon totally different lines, and relates to the state of ripeness of the ovum at the time of fecundation. For some time after the first development and disengagement of the ovum it is only partially ripe, and at such times will give rise only to females. When it is more completely ripe, males may result. Improbable as this theory sounds to ordinary ears, it has been made the subject of much controversy, and even experiment. Breeders have tried the effect of coupling at various stages of the rutting season, and though

Prof. Schenk, in the course of his essay, quotes one or two cases in which the results were alleged to be confirmatory, and even attempts to reconcile this theory with the one above, the evidence is altogether of a confused and unconvincing kind, and is vitiated by any number of contributory circumstances calculated to affect the results.

Of the two theories thus briefly and imperfectly outlined, Prof. Schenk himself mainly favours the first. He believes that sex is, to a large extent, determined in an opposite direction by the sexually more vigorous parent. But, in addition to this, he takes into account a large array of facts tending to show that diet has an influence not to be disregarded. There is nothing novel in this, nor in the other theories. Geddes and Thomson, in their work on *The Evolution of Sex*, a far more elaborate treatise than Schenk's, after going into von Berlepsch's experiments with bees, and other facts showing how food can affect the determination of a particular sex, sum up its influence as tending, when poor and scarce, to produce a *katabolic* organism (the male) and, when nutritious and plentiful, an *anabolic* organism (the female). It is in relation to this influence that Schenk has made the discovery he claims. It is not so much to the actual diet as to a difference in metabolism that he assigns the cause. That is to say, that it is the power of assimilating food, rather than the food itself, which is of importance.

The number of cases quoted by Prof. Schenk is small, and the subject is at present in far too rudimentary a state for any opinion to be pronounced upon it. Doubtless, now that the particulars have been published, a good many intending mothers will put themselves into the hands of medical men for advice as to their diet on Prof. Schenk's lines, and abundant experience may be expected to result. It is only by a disturbance of present statistics on a large scale that trustworthy evidence can be accumulated. Put into a concise form Prof. Schenk's prescription (for boys) is: "Give the mother a highly nitrogenous diet, with fat, and add only so much carbo-hydrate as is absolutely necessary to prevent its want being felt." In other words, it is, eat plenty of meat and avoid sugar or starchy substances. For the benefit of medical men, much technical information is given as to the best methods of testing for sugar—a highly difficult operation, and requiring to be performed with the greatest skill.

Among a number of facts of interest bearing upon this question is the following, which we quote verbatim:

"According to statistics more boys than girls are born in the years with a poor harvest. Bad harvest years are those which favour a flesh diet, as the food stuffs of the vegetable kingdom do not suffice for the cattle nor for the people either, and more flesh enters into the diet of the women who are fructified. If people in general had the normal aptness for procreation in such famine years the flesh diet might turn the scale in favour of the male sex, it being presupposed that other conditions were fulfilled."

It is these "other conditions" that enter into the whole question and render it difficult

even of discussion. Prof. Schenk's book is an interesting contribution to the subject; possibly on account of the practical turn it seeks to take the most interesting. We do not anticipate, however, that it will go unattacked, nor do we consider that it is in a position to be accepted. Many people will probably go so far as to say that it is a subject which ought not to be discussed, that it is an impious attempt to interfere with nature, and so on. We do not hold this view. There is no interference with nature, but merely an attempt to penetrate the methods of nature, to detect the particular conditions under which nature acts in a particular way. If such knowledge can be made serviceable, so much the better. One might remind objectors that chloroform was at first received with a terrific outburst of religious fury, on the ground that the allaying of pain was an interference with the divine infliction of pain. The world has grown older since then, and more broad-minded.

## TWO NEW VOLUMES OF ITALIAN POETRY.

*Poemetti.* By Giovanni Pascoli. (Florence: Roberto Paggi.)

*Poesie Scelte.* By Antonio Fogazzaro. (Milan: Galli.)

In spite of the reputation which Giovanni Pascoli enjoys in Italy, it cannot be said that he has as yet found many readers in England, although Mr. G. A. Greene translated a few of his earlier poems in his *Italian Lyrics of To-day*. And this is much to be regretted, for Pascoli is a true poet; an admirable artist within the rather narrow sphere that he has chosen. He has not, indeed, that touch of sublimity by virtue of which Carducci stands alone among modern Italian poets; he does not attain to the melodiousness and lyrical beauty of the best work of D'Annunzio, nor to the directness and lucidity of Arturo Graf; but his poetry is alike free from Graf's morbid pessimism, and from the questionable matter which is sometimes painfully prominent in the creations of the author of *The Triumph of Death*. In enamels and cameos, delicately painted and cut with symbols of human life, and in transcripts from nature rendered with close observation and exquisite finish, Pascoli is at his best. In the preface to *Myricae*, his former volume, he describes his songs as the fluttering of birds, the rustling of cypresses, the distant music of bells; and he adds that they are not unbefitting a cemetery. For beneath this observation and delight in nature's external manifestations of love and loveliness there is much profound sadness; the poet loves to linger in the Campo Santo, to ponder upon death, to hold converse with the beloved dead. The tragedy which overshadowed his early life, and to which he frequently alludes, has tinged all his work; and, in the preface to this new volume, he describes himself as one who has long walked through the steep way of sorrow,

and who, although wearied, has gained from the walk a youthful appetite for joy.

Instead of the rich metrical variety of the *Myricae*, the *Poemetti* consist of nine longer poems, or groups of poems, written with only one exception in a kind of interrupted *terza rima*. They open with a series of idealised pictures from the daily life of the Tuscan peasants, full of the sounds and odour of the fields, through which the oxen slowly pass and over which the Angelus rings out from church and convent. In striking contrast there follows a vision of Dante impelling the islands of Caprara and Gorgona to the mouth of the Arno, in the spirit of his famous imprecation against Pisa in the *Inferno*. Pascoli's style never lacks distinction; his lines are full of music and delicate imagery, whether he writes of the blind man, helpless and alone with his dead dog, awaiting death like a solitary rock surrounded by the waves of an immense sea of darkness:

"Tra un nero immenso fluttuar di mare";

or of the trees striving to utter their dumb aspirations and desires to Heaven with flowers instead of words:

"Con improvvisa melodia di fiori."

His weird picture of the last flight of the swan from the polar darkness into the light of the aurora borealis invites comparison, not altogether unsuccessfully, with Tennyson's "Dying Swan," while his "Eremita" carries us back to Cavalca and the author of the *Fioretti*. In "Il Vischio," a study of fruit-blossom and mistletoe becomes a psychological problem, suggested rather than expressed; while "Il Libro" is a purely symbolical lyric—it is the ancient book of mystery whose pages an invisible figure is ever turning, seeking but never finding the truth. This latter poem, for its elusive magic and mysterious beauty, is perhaps the gem of the whole volume, which, although very slight in bulk, is of high poetical value throughout.

The name of Antonio Fogazzaro is more familiar to most English readers. It is by his romances that he is deservedly better known, but, nevertheless, the little volume of poems just published, selected from various earlier works, is pleasant and stimulating reading. Fogazzaro is pre-eminently the Italian Lake Poet. The section of his work devoted to his native Valsolda is full of the beauty of the Italian lake district, reflecting with loving fidelity all its moods; its storms and its sunshine; its waters and mountains; the simple joys and sorrows of its humbler inhabitants. At times Fogazzaro reminds us of Wordsworth's attitude towards the English lakes; in "Novissima Verba"—a poem in parts presenting a curious analogy with *The Prelude*—his adoration of the spirit of his beloved valley is tinged in the glowing colours of human love, and united to an autobiographical account of the growth of his own mind. Perhaps his highest point of lyrical achievement is reached in the "Fascino," an exquisite rendering of the region's haunting presence and fascination; but, more usually, his outlook upon nature is that of an idealist and Christian mystic, as in "A sera," where



at sunset bells answer bells sounding the Angelus from village to village, and are echoed by the voices of the valleys, lakes, and cascades, uniting all things spiritually in love and worship.

The "Versioni dalla Musica" exhibit on a small scale something of the dramatic power and vivid characterisation of Fogazzaro's novels. They are a series of minute lyrical comedies and tragedies, suggested by familiar pieces of music; an old beau fooled by a dazzling young coquette; a lover, at the call of honour and religion, tearing himself away from the embraces of a madly passionate mistress; a courtly minuet at a masked ball of the eighteenth century, like an idealised version of some Venetian picture by Pietro Longhi, suggesting what tragedies of love and sorrow may lie hidden behind those faces which, even when unmasked, seem so impassive, so trivial and incapable of passion. There is decidedly strong work also in the religious pieces in the last section of the book. "Notte di Passione" and "Visione" are noble and powerful poems of spiritual experience and mystical yearning. "Samarith di Gaulan" tells, in irregular but forcible verse, how a divine apparition came to a Hebrew woman in the moonlight by the Sea of Galilee, and how, following that white-robed figure, she walked like Peter upon the waves, to die in peace and joy in the glory of the Easter dawn.

Still, delightful and impressive as many of these poems are, it is by his prose romances, *Malombra*, *Daniela Cortis*, *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, that Fogazzaro holds his place among the great writers of modern Italy. They have not the superb style and magnificent prose-poetry of D'Annunzio's "Romances of the Rose" and "Romances of the Lily," but they are always invigorating and healthy in tone. The influence of Gabriele D'Annunzio has almost succeeded in converting Italian fiction into a gorgeous, but decidedly unwholesome, hot-house, into which each new work from Antonio Fogazzaro enters like a welcome breath of fresh air.

#### NIMROD'S MASTERPIECE.

*The Chase, the Road, and the Turf.* By Nimrod. A New Edition. (Edward Arnold.)

MR. ARNOLD has been wise to include this evergreen classic in his "Sportsman's Library," for no edition of it has been published, we believe, since that which Mr. Murray issued in 1870. Well may Sir Herbert Maxwell remark in his brief introduction that the three papers which compose this volume, and which originally appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, "inaugurated a new era in the literature of sport." Never before or since Nimrod's time has there been a sporting writer who joined to an exhaustive acquaintance with his subjects such a vivid and illuminating style. Railway trains have displaced stage coaches, and may themselves yield to flying machines; but when will the coaching experiences of

1835, as pictured by Nimrod, cease to be a delight? He imagines an old gentleman who has gone to bed in 1742, when the proprietors of coaches running from London to Exeter (175 miles) used to promise "a safe and expeditious journey in a fortnight," awaking 100 years later to find himself being hustled into the "Comet," which does the journey in seventeen hours.

"In five minutes under the hour the 'Comet' arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London! Wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, thank heaven, we are arrived at a good-looking house; and now, waiter! I hope you have got breakfast—'

Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters), and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself (*terracque urbesque recedunt*) disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Never did such a succession of doors, windows, and window-shutters pass so quickly in his review before—and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from his surprise—"My dear sir," said he, 'you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow. Surely, they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful pace?' 'Change horses, sir!' says the proprietor, 'why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horse-keepers.'

Alarmed by the information that owing to the improvements of "an American of the name of Macadam" (Macadam was really a Scot, though he was for some time in business in New York) "no horse walks a yard in this coach between London and Exeter—all trotting ground now," the old gentleman quits the coach at Bagshot, where he inquires whether there is any *slow* coach down the road that day. He is recommended to the "Regulator," and secures a seat in the hind dickey. But the "Regulator," "slow coach" as she is, takes only twenty-three minutes for the five miles of the Hartford Bridge Flat, the best five miles for a coach to be found at this time in England. There is rather too much luggage on the roof, and our friend in the dickey, "his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set grim as death" has a very bad time of it. Next he inquires for a coach which carries no luggage on the top, takes his seat in the "Quicksilver Mail," falls asleep and wakes up to find himself on a stage which is called the fastest on the journey—it is four miles of ground and twelve minutes is the time!

The narrative goes with as much swing and lift as the coach itself, and is perhaps the best thing in the book. But it is rivalled by the admirable description of a day with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds in the Quorn country:

"At length a whimper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream: it is Flourisher, and the Squire cheers him to the

echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another—and another. 'Tis enough. 'Tallyho!' cries a countryman in a tree. 'He's gone,' exclaims Lord Alvanley; and, clapping his spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, 'Ware, hounds!' cries Sir Harry Goodricke. 'Give them time,' exclaims Mr. John Moore. 'That's right,' says Mr. Osbaldeston, 'spoil your own sport as usual.' 'Go along,' roars out Mr. Holyoake, 'there are three couple of hounds on the scent.' 'That's your sort,' says 'Billy Coke,' coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on Advance, with a label pinned on his back, 'He Kicks'; 'the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure.' Bonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them."

Nimrod, whose real name was Charles John Apperley, was born in 1777, and educated at Rugby, where he picked up a taste for classical literature which he never lost, and which doubtless accounts for the excellence of his style, as well as for the Latin tags which he is fond of introducing here and there. At Bilton Hall, near Rugby, he lived within reach of four excellent packs, and it is on record that on one occasion he rode fifty-two miles in the morning on two hacks to meet Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds in what is now the Bicester country. Think of that, ye luxurious lollers in first-class carriages! So much hunting impaired his finances, with the fortunate result—for us—that he had to take to literature. A series of letters on Hunting contributed to the *Sporting Magazine* raised the status of that publication—which had interpreted the idea of sport so broadly as to publish under the head of "Matrimonial Sporting" all the unsavoury details of *crim. con.* cases—and made the writer's reputation, and temporarily his fortune. An unfortunate speculation in farming, however, ran away with his money, and he had to take refuge in Calais, far away from his beloved hounds, and support himself by his pen. His reminiscences supplied him with plenty of material, for he claimed to have hunted with seventy-three or seventy-four different packs in his time. His knowledge of the turf was perhaps less peculiar, but wonderfully extensive. Of its rogueries in particular he gives innumerable examples. Trials falsified, touts foiled, horses poisoned, jockeys bought—these things seem to have been going on ever since men first began to test the speed of their horses. On one occasion Old Q., the famous Duke of Queensbury [*sic*] was told by his jockey that a large sum of money had been offered him to lose. "Take it," said the Duke, "I will bear you harmless." When his horse came to the post his Grace coolly observed, "This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself," when, throwing open his greatcoat, he was found to be in racing attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle. There are stories of Sam Chifney, whose "rush" was so irresistible; of Frank Buckle, who continued to ride in public until past his sixty-fifth year, and on the last day of the season always had a goose for supper; of James Robinson, who won the Derby and Oaks and was married all in the same week; of the Duke of Grafton, who, in the year

1825, won £13,000 from public stakes alone, a prodigious sum in those days; and of many other sportsmen of the past. Altogether, the book is a feast of good things, and is very welcome in its new and handsome dress.

### "TIS FORTY YEARS SINCE."

*A Middy's Recollections, 1853-1860.* By Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu. (A. & C. Black.)

ADMIRAL MONTAGU has been wise in choosing the present moment for bringing out his well-written and very readable reminiscences of life as a midshipman in the fifties. In these days of *Royal Sovereigns* and *Powerfuls*, of twenty-knot torpedo boats and destroyers which steam as fast as an ordinary train, it is interesting to read of ships like the *Princess Royal*, which Admiral Montagu joined in 1853, with her full-steam speed of eight or nine knots only. Moreover, recent events have tended to quicken the Englishman's interest in naval matters, and any book dealing with life on an old-fashioned sail-and-steam line-of-battle ship, if written with knowledge and from actual experience, is sure to be widely read. Admiral Montagu was in both the Baltic and the Black Sea fleets during the Crimean War. He was in Chinese waters and assisted in the destruction of the Chinese war-junks at the battle of Fatsan in the Canton River in 1857; while later in the same year he sailed for Calcutta, and for the next fifteen months saw plenty of fighting on land with the Naval Brigade as *Aide-de-camp* to General Rowcroft.

But this book will be read by most people rather for its account of a midshipman's impressions of man-of-war life nearly half a century ago than for any mere details of fighting in India or elsewhere, and Admiral Montagu has been careful not to omit the more commonplace details of Service in those days in order to give more space to the excitements of war. When one remembers the elaborate preparation which is now deemed necessary before a cadet can enter the Navy, it is somewhat strange to read of the haphazard way in which, forty-five years ago, a boy found his way into the Service. The qualification consisted in being able to master simple dictation from some English work and arithmetic as far as the rule of three. Six weeks at a school in Portsea kept by a retired naval instructor sufficed to prepare our midshipman successfully for this ordeal, though, as he naively confesses, he spelt "judgment" without a "d" in the actual examination. Life on board ship was, of course, uncomfortable to a degree:

"The rations were the same as those allowed to the ship's company—a pound of very bad salt junk (beef) or pork, execrable tea, sugar, and biscuit that was generally full of weevils or well over-run with rats, or (in hot climates) a choice retreat for the detestable cockroach. . . . Sugar or any other sweet matter was their attraction; and at night, when they were on the move, I have seen strings of the creatures

an inch and a half long making a route over you in your hammock."

The ships of the world have not yet found a way of banishing the cockroach, though we feed our middies better nowadays. There seems to have been a certain amount of bullying, though probably a good deal less than would have been permitted in "the good old times"; but some unpleasant customs prevailed. Here is one:

"One of the amusements with which the seniors entertained themselves was slitting the end of your nose open with a pen knife. The idea was that you could not properly be a Royal, bearing the name of your ship (the *Princess Royal*), without a slight effusion of blood. The end of one's nose was well squeezed, and thus there was little pain."

Things were not much changed evidently from the days of Captain Marryat's novels as far as what may be called the amenities of life were concerned. Flogging was, of course, in full swing as a punishment during the years (1853-1860) covered by this book. "I have often," writes Admiral Montagu, "seen three men flogged one after another." His comment is interesting:

"I do not believe that flogging ever cured a character. I think it hardened nine men out of ten. It may have deterred others, and so had its effect; but the crimes committed were often, to my idea, too trifling for such retribution. Of course in those days prisons—or at any rate the means of sending men to prison—were scarce; and it happened that we were a good deal on war service when prisons were not accessible. But, *coûte que coûte*, bad characters—men who could not be reclaimed after several attempts—were best kicked out of the Service. They are a plague to their shipmates, and give trouble all round; though it was a curious fact that they were generally the best seamen."

The italics are ours, but the sentence italicised "gives one to think," as the phrase runs, and it is hard to decide what course it is best for a commander to pursue with regard to such men. On the one hand, it is hard to have to lose one's "best seamen," while on the other hand the penalty of imprisonment has its obvious disadvantages in the Navy. There is no doubt that flogging was resorted to much too readily half a century ago in our ships, and no one will desire a return to the practice of those days. But it is a question whether it would be safe to abolish that penalty altogether in the Service, and the opinion of almost all naval men seems to be that it should be retained at least as a last resort.

Admiral Montagu has several good stories to tell in the course of his *Recollections*. One of them must suffice here as an example of his quality. It is the story of a trooper of the Fourth Light Dragoons who was made prisoner in the Crimean War, and for some reason not specified was taken before the Tsar. Observing the man standing six feet two in, his stockings, his Imperial Majesty inquired what regiment he had belonged to. Being told that he was in a light cavalry regiment, he said, "Well, if you are a light cavalry man, what the devil are the heavies?"

### IN THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

*Five Years in Siam.* By H. Warington Smyth, M.A., LL.B., formerly Director of Mines in Siam. With Maps and Illustrations by the Author. 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THE historic connexion of England and Englishmen with Siam and the Siamese dates from the early days of the East India Company; and from then until now, quite a library of books has been written in English (besides those in other tongues) concerning the land of bamboo and betel-nut, teak and elephants. The latest addition to that library will prove as interesting as any, and more interesting than most, and without cavil, will be priceless to those who would understand the peoples and resources of Siam as they are to-day, and the relations of Siam to European Governments. For Mr. Warington Smyth's two handsome volumes are not merely a record of travel: they are that in an unusually charming manner, but they are more: they are also a *précis* of a tolerably long and exceedingly varied experience of all things Siamese, even of Siamese geography and Siamese geology. He is none of the "hasty Westerns" of whom he complains, "who would not give themselves the chance of understanding that between the ways of modern Europe and those of old Indo-China a great gulf lies, the voyage over which might well occupy the thought of a lifetime." Mr. Warington Smyth is evidently very much of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's opinion: "O East is East, and West is West; and never the twain shall meet"; and, at the least, he declares, after his intimate experience of both people and government, that "the longer one lives with an Eastern race, the less confidence can one feel in one's knowledge of what they are and what they think." It is much in favour of the Siamese, and in contradiction of the detraction and abuse that some in England and France have in recent years thought their due, that an educated, scientific, and tolerably dispassionate observer like Mr. Warington Smyth should have little but the kindest things to say of them, even when he is most critical of their shortcomings when compared with an European standard. Here is a very agreeable bit of description of river life:

"Abreast of these *lorchas* [Bangkok boats, not unlike North Sea cobbles], along the shallower western shore, on the inside of the bend, the up-country boats lie when they have sold their rice, and their pleasure-loving crews would do a little of the gaiety of the capital before returning home. So, while mother does the shopping, and buys the cargo of salt and cotton stuffs, father takes the children up to town for a ride in the tram or a visit to the nearest monastery, where some merit-making is going on or a cremation taking place; and in their best *panungs* and little white jackets the youngsters buy fairings, or sit and smoke and chew their betel in front of the *lakon*. A theatrical performance is sure to be provided for the occasion, and there the elder boys and girls watch untiringly the whole night long the story of the King of Snakes or of the lovely Princess, and the small ones coil themselves up and go to sleep within ten feet of the big drum.



In the morning grey they are off back to their floating house, and get a start behind some tow-boat for a few miles, in company with twenty other craft, on their month's journey of poling and pulling homewards to where the water is clear and runs over the shaded shingle banks, and where the noisy, drunken *Farang* they met in Bangkok streets is never seen."

There are many such sympathetic renderings of the effects upon him of the simple, gay, and debonair life of these people of the great plain of the Menam, who are not all Siamese by any means, but also Chinese, Annamese, Javanese, Burmese, Singalese, Malay, Tamil, and Bengali. All these—and others—Mr. Warrington Smyth knows something of, and has some kind of liking for; the only people he appears to have a fixed dislike and suspicion of are the French and the people of the European Consulates and commercial houses, from the latter of whom the globe-trotter gathers his information concerning the country, and yet who could scarcely be more out of touch with the life of the people among whom they dwell and do business.

It is impossible in a short notice to do justice to the vast array of information the author sets before us concerning the various states he visited in the course of his five years' duty, and concerning their mines and forests, or sufficiently to praise the delightful manner in which he conveys to the lay apprehension the knowledge of a specialist. In the prosecution of his work he travelled the great rich plain of the Menam, explored the Lao States—the people of which he seems to like best of all—and visited the little provinces of the Malacca peninsula. And throughout he writes well and briskly, with a lack of the professional touch of authorship which is very refreshing, but with the constant kindness and acumen of a well-balanced and observant mind. Here is a pretty passage:

"We had hired two more elephants to lighten the loads of the others, and these two, male and female, were never separated by a dozen yards. They were loaded up together, they bathed at night together, and they fed on the same bamboos. If the tusker was frightened at the strange things handed up to the mahout, his mate swung round, caressing him with her trunk till he was pacified; if she was moved round to the side of the *sala* he whirled off after her, *malgré* all the mahout had to say to it."

This is not the place to touch upon French aggression on Siam, nor upon the anxious political relations of Siam in the present day—about both which matters Mr. Warrington Smyth evidently feels very strongly, as he speaks very plainly. But it is our duty to note, at this last, how prettily the numerous little illustrations of the author are rendered, and how admirable are the nine or ten maps. Altogether, an excellent and invaluable work, both for the delectation of the general reader and the use of the student.

## THE FIRST PHILOSOPHERS OF GREECE.

*The First Philosophers of Greece: an Edition and Translation of the Remaining Fragments of the Pre-Socratic Philosophers, together with a Translation of the more important Accounts of their Opinions contained in the Early Epitomes of their Works.* By Arthur Fairbanks. (Kegan Paul.)

In the nature of things, this work can bring to its author neither fame nor riches; yet it has cost infinite labour, and will be of constant service. For by these men, whose very names are for the most part known to us only by the chance that has incorporated them here and there in the writings of their successors, Plato and Aristotle were made possible; and they are interesting also for themselves: for their ingenious dogmatism as to the nature of the material universe—ludicrous as it may seem in the light of modern precision; and for their conjectures in the region of metaphysics—in dealing with the Absolute, the Infinite, Time, Space, and the like monstrosities—wherein they are as intelligible as many who have settled these notions to their own satisfaction since their time. Even the busy idler may amuse an hour with a haphazard turning of these laborious leaves. If one were a professional exegete (he may reflect) and Empedokles happened to be a sacred name, one might make out, perhaps, a case for his plenary inspiration as to the principles of the solar system. Here, for instance, concerning the moon, is a fragment preserved by Plutarch:

"A borrowed light, circular in form, it revolves about the earth as if following the track of a chariot."

How did he know that? Again, you drop upon Anaximandros, in whom, as you at once discern, you have a pre-incarnation of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Given equal ignorance to start from, perhaps the Mr. Spencer of our era would hardly have won so near to fact; and there is more reason to doubt whether his imagination would have been equal to the limning of so pretty a picture. As quoted by Hippolytus, he said:

"The earth is a heavenly body, controlled by no other power, and keeping its position because it is the same distance from all things [this is not a bad shot at the unguessed law of gravitation]; the form of it is curved, cylindrical like a stone column; it has two faces: one of these is the ground beneath our feet, and the other is opposite to it. The stars are a circle of fire [he gets a little wild here], separated from the fire about the earth, and surrounded by air. There are certain breathing-holes, like the holes of a flute, through which we see the stars; so that when the holes are stopped up there are eclipses."

Here is a passage which was recently re-delivered in London to a select audience:

"But if one wins a victory by swiftness of foot, or in the pentathlon . . . or as a wrestler, or in painful boxing . . . he would be more glorious in the eyes of the citizens, he would win a front seat at assemblies. . . . If he won by means of horses he would get all these things, although he did not deserve them as I deserve them; for our wisdom is better than the strength of men or of horses. This is, indeed, a

very wrong custom, nor is it right to prefer strength to excellent wisdom."

The general arrangement of the matter is perspicuous, and the monograph is not likely soon to be superseded.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Versions from Hafiz: an Essay in Persian Metre.* By Walter Leaf. (Grant Richards.)

WHAT none of the translators of Hafiz have hitherto attempted to give is Hafiz' metrical forms. Dr. Walter Leaf steps forward to do this thing. He shall explain his gallant enterprise:

"It seems worth while to make an attempt, however poor, to give English readers some idea of this most intimate and indissoluble bond of spirit and form in Hafiz. And with it all, one must try to convey some faint reminder of the fact that Hafiz is, as few poets have been, a master of words and rhythms. The variety of his rhythms will be seen from the table which I append to this Introduction, but the music of his words in the end defies the translator. Here are the translucent sparkle of the marble, the subtle reflexion and patina of the bronze, which the plaster-cast must needs renounce in despair. Playing on all the modulations of a language naturally most musical, Hafiz has under his fingers all the echoes, the chords and overtones of assonance and rhyme. The imitation of this is but a hopeless task. All that can be attempted is to render in English some distant echo of the lilt of his metres. These may march or trip, they may trill or wail; but whatever they do, they sing. Their tunes are unmistakable, even to ears yet hardly grown familiar with the language. Here lies the temptation to render them into English."

Here are a few examples of Mr. Leaf's renderings. Of the twenty-eight *ghazals* on which he has tried his skill, none reads so trippingly as the first. This ode is a favourite with both Indian and Persian readers, and in Mr. Leaf's English it is, at least, a pleasant and suggestive lyric:

"Minstrel, awake the sound of glee, joyous and eager, fresh and free;  
Fill me a bumper bounteously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

O for a bower and one beside, delicate, dainty, there to hide;  
Kisses at will to seize and be joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Sweet is my dear, a thief of hearts;  
bravery, beauty, saucy arts,  
Odours and unguents, all for me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

How shall the fruit of life be thine, if thou refuse the fruitful vine?  
Drink of the vine and pledge with me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Call me my Saki silver-limbed, bring me my goblet silver-rimmed;  
Fain would I fill and drink to thee, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Wind of the West, if e'er thou roam, pass on the way my fairy's home;  
Whisper of Hafiz am'rously, joyous and eager, fresh and free."

Poor Hafiz! he was not always joyous

and eager, fresh and free. His Saki was not always kind:

"Lord grant that I wail not of the hard heart of unkindness;  
Hard heart of the fair is but the fair's utter perfection."

And those of his ideals that were Western, and made for strenuousness, would not be lulled for ever by wine and Sûfi doctrine:

"Ah, how oft, e'en as with Hafiz, hath the red smile of the vine  
And the curled ringlet on Love's cheek a repentance unmade!"

Now a deeper groan would escape him:

"This thing of all the woe of the world, this to wisdom's heart  
Most hard, that wisdom's hand to the feast-bowl attaineth not.

See fools exalted high in their pride, high as Heaven's pole;  
Save through his groans, the wise to the blue pole attaineth not.

Hafiz, be strong to bear; for in love's path what man so e'er  
Dares not to yield his life, to the Soul's Soul attaineth not."

Soon the poet's eye would kindle with the light of life, and his cry would be:

"While yet the hand availeth, sweet lips to kiss delay not;  
Else lip and hand thou bitest too late, when comes the ending."

And then, when Love had once more failed him, the call for Wine, loud and lyrical, would break from Hafiz' lips:

"Send the criers round the market, call the roysterers' band to hear,  
Crying, 'O yes! All ye good folks through the Loved One's realm, give ear!

'Lost, a handmaid! Strayed a while since! Lost, the Vine's wild daughter, lost!'  
Raise the hue and cry to seize her! Danger lurks where she is near.

Round her head she wears a foam-crown;  
all her garb glows ruby-hued;  
Thief of wits is she; detain her, lest ye dare not sleep for fear.

Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take for sweetmeat all my soul!  
Through the deepest hell conceal her, go ye down, go hale her here.

She's a wastrel, she's a wanton, shame-abandon'd rosy-red;  
If ye find her, send her forthright, back to—Hafiz, Balladier."

These specimens of Dr. Leaf's translations will, we are sure, commend his book to all who desire to read Hafiz in English words set to Persian metres.

*A Northern Highway of the Tsar.* By Aubyn Trevor Battye. With Map, and Illustrated by the Author. (Constable.)

VERY high up the map there is a region subject to the Tsar, of which the Russians themselves know little; and here dwells a simple-hearted race, whose blameless morals present a poignant contrast to their habitual filthiness of person. Samoyed they are called; their business is to kill seal, and to preserve their monopoly from external enterprise; and their uncomfortable hospitality is boundless. Mr. Battye's voyaging was done during a local season that intervenes between autumn and winter, and the difficulties of the way

were increased by the rotten and treacherous condition of the roads over which the sledges must be dragged. Here is an incident of the drive:

"We came to one big ditch in which I thought I saw a pretty fair crossing, though the banks sloped very suddenly down. You can generally get over these places all right if you keep your team straight, put them at it quickly, and lie right back on the sleigh. But one of my [five] deer pulled a little unevenly, and the point of the sleigh catching the ground just as we reached the bottom the whole concern was shot over, and I was half-buried in water, snow, and mud. I had, however, kept tight hold of the driving rein (for only a single rein is used), and instinctively seizing the back of the sleigh was hauled out by the team, and dragged up to the top of the bank. Here I brought my team to a standstill, collected my gun, cartridges, and other effects . . . emptied the water from my boots, wrung out my socks and trousers, and was soon ready to go on again, though [mark this!] I felt very cold and uncomfortable for all the rest of the day."

The question arises at this point whether it is lawful for any man wantonly to indulge in this extravagance of carnal maceration. That any man should of his own free accord so afflict himself stirs one to a sort of indignant admiration. As the explorer went from place to place, whose impossible names it were useless to write down, generally soaked to the skin and subsisting principally upon bad bread and milk in frozen lumps, he preserved at every crisis his presence of mind, an equable temper, a quick eye for the picturesque, a ready sense of the humour of the chance occasion, and a retentive memory. The material accumulated is presented here in a terse and vigorous shape, and we welcome the book.

*Two Hundred Years: The History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1698-1898.* By W. O. B. Allen and Edmund McClure. (S.P.C.K.)

To compress within reasonable limits the records, letter-books, reports and minutes of two hundred years of very varied work was a large undertaking. It has been carried out with such success that the volume in our hands is not merely a lucid chronicle of the work of a private society, but offers also a valuable *résumé* of the activities of Anglican Christianity at large during a period of which the records elsewhere to be found are scattered and inadequate.

The society was founded towards the close of the seventeenth century by the Rev. Dr. Bray, with Lord Guilford (described by Burnet as "not wanting in sense nor application to business," and by Swift as "a mighty silly fellow"), Sir Humphrey Mackworth, and Mr. Justice Hooke. Its early records show a nation of which Christianity would seem quite to have lost its hold, while the devotion of those in whom the instinct of religion survived found a vent in a multitude of hysterical extravagancies. The infant society entered into correspondence with earnest and sober persons all over the country, and the extracts from their correspondence at this period present a valuable and unique picture of the condition of the country as a whole. The energies of the S.P.C.K. found a constantly widening scope

as the Union Jack flew ever more widely. The colonies, the negroes, the native tribes of India, the blacks of South Africa—to say nothing of Mohammedans, malefactors, Papists, and other benighted persons nearer home—have found themselves the objects of its energetic solicitude. Until the passing of the Education Act of 1870 it was the prime organiser of elementary education throughout this realm. In these days it is best known for its publishing enterprise, yet this is by no means the whole of its scope:

"Taking the figures of the last ten years, we may say that; on the average, the society's income may roughly be estimated as follows . . . or, in round figures, about £40,000 a year. The expenditure, on the average, for the last ten years may be estimated as follows: Money grants for missionary purposes £29,000; book grants £8,000; office expenses, printing, &c., £5,000; or a total expenditure of £42,000 a year."

Throughout its career the S.P.C.K. has preserved an even course of tolerant evangelicism, freely associating with itself the energies of the orthodox Protestants of Sweden, Denmark, and Germany.

*A Mingled Yarn.* By Edward Spencer Mott ("Nathaniel Gubbins"). Edward Arnold.

It takes all sorts to make a world, and Mr. Mott, as revealed in this autobiography, is a well-defined and refreshing "sort." He begins:

"I was born early on Easter Sunday in Running Rein's year; which, being interpreted, means that I first saw the light in 1844, on April 7, a week or two before a horse, falsely described as Running Rein, who proved to be a four-year-old colt called Maccabeus (afterwards Zanon), passed the winning-post first in the race for the Derby."

And that is the note of Mr. Mott's life and book. Never have the whips and scorns of time diverted Mr. Mott's attention from horses. At sixteen he knew the Racing Calendar by heart. From Sandhurst he stole away to Ascot and Goodwood. "You young fool," said his father (who had staked a great deal on Wizard at Goodwood), "you young fool; what on earth made you back Flat Iron?" The reprimand was given in the same breath as more fatherly advice about the youth's studies—advice not thrown away, one is pleased to add, for our author passed out of Sandhurst in good style, and was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 19th First York North Riding Regiment.

Invalided home from India Mr. Mott began to taste varieties of fortune. With engaging frankness born of victory, he tells us how in these days he loafed, betted, acted, wrote plays, starved, and slept on the Embankment. "And so I drifted into journalism"—that familiar way-mark is reached at last, and we are introduced to the roystering staff of the *Pink 'Un*. The book is a treasury of facts and opinions of a certain class. It is a budget of barbarities, in Matthew Arnold's sense; and, for style, it is written as it might be told by a good *raconteur* in a first-class railway carriage to large-tweed gentlemen with brandy-flasks. It is amusing; and it holds more philosophy than appears at first sight.



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE HEART OF MIRANDA.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

"And Other Stories, being Mostly Winter Tales"—so runs the sub-title. Why winter tales should appear now, with the laverock in the skies and a thrush on every bough, is a question for the publisher to answer. Fortunately, *The Heart of Miranda*, the longest story, an allegory of true love, has gaiety, or the book would be sombre indeed. The rest of it is given up to lawless passions, crime, murder, and suicide. After reading "*Miranda*," we are quite eager for another glimpse of "Galloping Dick." (John Lane. 335 pp. 6s.)

#### THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.

By ROBERT HERRICK.

A modern American story of marriage and divorce. The heroine thinks too much, and suffers for it. Her friend, Molly Parker, is wiser, and lectures her thus: "Oh! you take life, marriage, your career—'broadly,' as you say, like a thorough course in self-development. Perhaps you will carry it through that way. But if I hadn't that something in my heart which would make me go barefoot with a man and have a good time, I would run away. If I were married to a man without that something, I should stick a hat-pin into him, or make his life a little hell, no matter how good he was." Finally, the heroine decides that she will learn how to live. (Macmillan & Co. 287 pp. 6s.)

#### SHADOWS OF LIFE.

By MRS. MURRAY HICKSON.

The sprightly author of *Concerning Teddy* is here in a wofully serious mood. The book contains thirteen exercises in pathos, and not very interesting ones at that. "The Romance of Emily Philpott, Housemaid"; "The Waters of Death"; "The End of a Dream"; "An Awakening"—these are some of the titles. Life was sad enough before we opened Mrs. Hickson's volume; it is sadder now. (John Lane. 197 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

By JAMES MACMANUS.

These tales by the author of *'Twas in Dhrroll Donegal* are concerned with the good folk of the Bocht of the Bealach. "What! you never heard of the Bocht of the Bealach? Well, that is strange. The Bocht of the Bealach—the quaint, quiet, humdrum, world-forgotten, loved old Bocht of the Bealach. And you never heard of it? Never heard of the Bocht of the Bealach, with all its simple-hearted, mirth-loving, ghost-respecting, sympathetic, credulous folk. Never heard of the Bocht of the —." No, we never did, and we think that eight pages of introduction in this style are too many. But Mr. MacManus's stories look to be humorous. (Downey & Co. 272 pp.)

#### HAGAR OF HOMERTON.

MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

After *Liza of Lambeth* why not *Hagar of Homerton*? That was the question which the author of *A Man and a Maid* probably asked herself, in casting about for a title, and answered in the affirmative. The story tells how Mrs. Swithybark of the West End, being bored, adopted Hagar Pipon for diversion. How the experiment turned out it is for the reader to discover. The book is quite readable. (C. Arthur Pearson. 333 pp. 6s.)

#### CASTLEBRAES.

By JAMES PATON.

An essay on the land question in novel form. The hero, the laird of Castlebraes, tries an agricultural experiment; he cuts up big farms on his estate into little, and makes it possible for his tenants to prosper by tillage. He also makes it possible for one Angell James, a dreadful windbag, to speechify in this strain: "Are the men o' Castlebraes worthy? Wull they rise tae the occasion that the Almighty has sent them? Wull they buckle up their loins, an' gird on their airmour, an' fecht their wey through, wi' courage an' patience?" &c. (Blackwood & Sons. 342 pp. 6s.)

#### ALL WE LIKE SHEEP.

(ANONYMOUS.)

In the beginning, in italics, an impatient lamb requests from its mother instruction concerning the world. The ewe replies, and "the ewe's narrative, interpreted into human language, contained the essence of the following history." During its recital the lamb fell asleep. The history is of Frances Roy, sculptor: how she wished to be free and lead her own life, and how the world grew censorious. She contributed sketches to a paper called *Vril*, whose editor "was a well-built man of thirty, with very dark bold eyes, and a handsome mouth and thick neck." Also he was "perfectly *au courant* with the world." In the end we return to italics and the sheep-fold again, and find the lamb sceptical. (Kelvin Glen & Co. 172 pp. 2s.)

#### THE SHROUDED FACE.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

A story of Wales in Tudor times, written, as is common with such romances, in the first person singular. After so much Scottish history, a little Welsh is not amiss. Here are chapter headings: "The Night Hag of Castell Vortigern"; "The Veiled Woman of Nevin Var"; "The Escape from Castell Vortigern"; "The Prisoner from Oversea"; "The Witch that Walked in Darkness." (C. Arthur Pearson. 366 pp. 6s.)

#### AN EPISODE IN ARCADY.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

A light-hearted story of facile emotions and superficial natures. Here is a scrap of dialogue:

"Did you ever hear of Clicquot?" he asked.  
"Did I ever hear my own name? I would give a five-pound note for one good long pull at Clicquot."  
"It would be jolly if we had a bottle here."  
"Don't! when a fellow's throat is dusty as a June high-road it's a sin to babble—"  
"Of green Chartreuse," finished the squire."

A portrait of the author of this charming persiflage is prefixed to the book. (C. Arthur Pearson. 230 pp. 2s. 6d.)

#### MERIEL.

By AMÉLIE RIVES.

A "love-story," by the author of *The Quick and the Dead*. "Hand in hand, heart in heart, these twain walked among its shadows, until the moon opened her silver calyx to the stars about her, like jewelled bees about some fantastic blossom of fairyland." The triumphant lover ends by quoting Isaiah at some length. (Chatto & Windus. 223 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### TRUE HEART.

By FREDERIC BRETON.

"Being Passages in the Life of Eberhard Treuherz, Scholar and Craftsman, telling of his Wanderings and Adventures, his Inter-course with People of Consequence to their Age, and how he came Scathless through a time of strife: now for the first time set forth," &c. Treuherz was early sixteenth century, and lived at Basel. (Grant Richards. 419 pp. 6s.)

#### THE HEPSWORTH MILLIONS.

By CHRISTIAN LYS.

The frontispiece depicts a woman with a candle coming suddenly upon a coffer full of gold and jewels and a skeleton lying beside it. "Her heart," runs the legend, "gave one great leap and then seemed to stand still." The woman was Lady Hepsworth, the skeleton was that of Sir Michael Hepsworth, millionaire, and the story narrating their history is a melodrama between covers, luridly conceived and told. (Warne & Co. 469 pp. 6s.)

#### MEIR EZOFOVITCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH OF ELIZA ORZESZKO BY DZA YOUNG.

A distressful story of Jewish life in Poland, charged with emotion rising out of the struggles of Jew and Christian in that part of the world. (B. F. Stevens. 339 pp. 6s.)

## THE LUCK OF PARCO.

BY JOHN MACLAIR.

Parco is in the Peruvian Andes, and there "every man is soldier, sailor, baker, tailor, potter-boy, plough-boy, and what else goes to make up the complex mechanism of the body social and politic." Here centres this tale of travel, and treasure, and fighting. (Harper & Brothers. 322 pp. 6s.)

## BY REEDS AND RUSHES.

BY ESMÉ STUART.

Miss Stuart is well-known as a bright writer of tales for girls and women. Here is yet another. It sets forth the love-story of Will Wyatt, son of Farmer Wyatt, and Polly Tillett, daughter of Farmer Tillett. The two fathers shared a lake together, in the reeds and rushes of which certain important things happen, notably the escape of Will Wyatt, when wanted for firing at his officer. In the end all is well. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 191 pp. 1s.)

## THE ACTOR MANAGER.

BY LEONARD MERRICK.

A story of theatrical life, now running as a *feuilleton* in the *Daily Mail*. They are sitting together—strangers—in a shabby café near the British Museum, and he sees she is crying and guesses she is lonely. At last he summons up courage to criticise the shape of the café's plum pudding. The struggling dramatist and the young actress become friends. In the course of their story theatrical matters are very thoroughly discussed. (Grant Richards. 292 pp. 6s.)

## AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

BY VIOLET HOBBHOUSE.

The unknown quantity is Kilmeny Dare, and she gives herself and three men a grievous time, and reconciles them on her death-bed. The story is emotional, and often "religious." (Downey & Co. 373 pp. 6s.)

## RIVER MISTS.

BY ETTA COURTNEY.

Eight stories in paper covers. The author's descriptions of nature are like this—"From the young green of the meadows came the twitter of mating partridges mingled with the river's swirl." (Marshall, Russell & Co. 122 pp. 1s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Girl at Cobhurst.* By Frank R. Stockton.  
(Cassell & Co.)

ONE has to be a good deal in love with trivialities and provincial quietude to like Mr. Stockton's new book. But given that tendency, it is richly entertaining. Here he employs more the manner of *The Late Mrs. Null* than *The Great Stone of Sardis*: all is conceivable, all might have come under one's own notice. The story resolves into the account of a duel between two strong-minded scheming women—Miss Panney, a rich old maid, and La Fleur, a perfect cook. Their weapons are their wills. Each has planned a match for a young man, the new lord of Cobhurst; and which will win the reader can only guess until the end is in sight. Miss Panney's nominee is Dora Bannister; La Fleur's candidate, Cicely Drane. Anyone at all interested in such contests, and in the least attracted by Mr. Stockton's ingenuity and mock gravity, will enjoy the book.

Here is a fragment of the conversation of Miss Panney, an old lady fit to stand in Mr. Stockton's gallery of female individualists. She is talking with the doctor concerning a patient whom he is expecting:

"She sat for a few minutes with her brows knitted in thought. Suddenly she exclaimed, 'Is it Susan Clopsey you expect? Very well, then, I will make an exception in her favour. She is just coming in at the gate, and I would not interfere with your practice on her for anything. She has got money and a spinal column, and, as long as they both last, she is more to be depended on than Government bonds. If her troubles ever get into her legs, and I have reason to believe they will, you can afford to hire a little maid for your cook.' Old Daniel Clopsey, her grandfather, died at ninety-five, and he had the same doctorable

rheumatism that he had at fifty. I have something to think over, and I will come in again when she is gone.'

'Depart! O mercenary being!' exclaimed the doctor, 'before you abase my thoughts from sulphate of quinia to filthy lucre.'

"'Lucre is never filthy until you lose it,' said the old lady, as she went out on the back piazza, and closed the door behind her.'"

Another character, equally Stocktonian in formation, is Miriam, the little sister of the young lord of Cobhurst. Brother and sister had reached their new home over-night, and had begun to explore when Miriam was taken ill. From her sick-bed she sends him this note:

"DEAR RALPH,—I went upstairs and looked at the third floor and a good deal of the garret, without you being with me. I really want to be perfectly fair, and so you must not stop altogether from looking at things until I am able to go with you. I think good things to look at by yourself would be stables and barnyards, and the lower part of barns. Please do not go into hay lofts, nor into the chicken-yard, if there is one. You might keep your eyes on the ground until you get to these places, and then look up. If there are horses and cows, don't tell me anything about them when you see me. Don't tell me anything. I think I shall be well to-morrow, perhaps to-night. MIRIAM."

One of Miriam's first acts is to name a horse Mrs. Browning.

Mr. Stockton's new book is, at best, fooling; that must be understood. But it is fooling of a very agreeable order.

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*The Crook of the Bough.* By Méné Muriel Dowie.  
(Methuen & Co.)

ONE closes *The Crook of the Bough* reluctantly, with the sense of parting from a personality. That is an experience sufficiently rare in the routine of a reviewer. Of course, in a sense, all art must be impersonal; but, of course, too, in a larger sense, all art must be personal in the supreme degree—it must reveal the artist's temperament and his personal vision. For the most part, the fictions that come one's way nowadays are impersonal in the wrong sense. Miss Dowie's fictions are always personal in the right sense; they reveal a temperament and an intensely personal vision. You fancy a woman, delicate, critical, distinguished, with wit, with humour, with sympathy, gazing at the world through whimsical, half-closed eyes, noting the incongruity, the irony, the drollery and the pathos of things, and then translating her impressions, and the emotion of them, into delicate, critical, distinguished phrases. You hear a voice speaking from the page, a chiselled, crisp, melodious voice, instantly recognisable.

The irony of things is the note that dominates *The Crook of the Bough*. Islay Netherdale was a sensible, serviceable, tailor-made young Englishwoman, self-effacing, with no thought for *chiffons*, content to serve her brother, George Netherdale, M.P., as amanuensis and general assistant. Then she and George went for a holiday-run to Constantinople. Colonel Hassan Bey, the rising hope of the Young Turkey party, admired Islay because she was sensible and serviceable. He lamented the unserviceable condition of the ladies of his own unhappy land. Half the woes the East is heir to, he derived from the circumstance that half the population are immured, subtracted from the activities of life. Islay, meanwhile, was admiring the little French Countess d'Avril—for her *chiffons*, if you please; for the charming unserviceable qualities that *chiffons* symbolise. So, after her return to England, she began to cultivate a pretty taste in *chiffons*, on her own account. She became less and less serviceable, more and more feminine and delightful. She even achieved open-work stockings. But the result was that when Hassan Bey arrived in Victoria-street, with a view to demanding the serviceable young Englishwoman's hand in marriage, he found a delicious creature of silks and laces, almost as devout a votary of *chiffons* as Mme. d'Avril herself. He returned to the Near East with a disillusion, instead of a serviceable Western spouse.

The above is the barest hint of the motive of Miss Dowie's new book, a motive singularly ingenious and suggestive. The book itself should be read, for a hundred reasons. No less than *Gallia*, no less than *Some Whims of Fate*, it reveals a temperament and a vision, a sensitive and cultivated imagination expressing itself through a fine medium. It is therefore that very rare experience indeed in the routine of a present-day reviewer—a work of fiction which is also quite unmistakably a work of art.



*Kronstadt.* By Max Pemberton.  
(Cassell & Co.)

Of the younger novelists none has more quickly won a large share of popular regard, or won his share by more legitimate means, than Mr. Max Pemberton. He is an excellent journeyman of fiction; he can be relied upon by editors and syndicates to supply the kind of story with just the requisite amount of snap and go, of incident and pathos, to suit what those persons conceive to be the taste of the modern reader. But Mr. Pemberton is more than a journeyman. He takes himself seriously, and he tries to write well—and certainly he does not write ill—and he may arrive at being an artist in his craft. At present, with all his good and promising qualities, he is scarcely that. In the present story he handicaps himself with electing to deal with a central motive which cannot but be unsympathetic however treated, with whatever grace or charm, poignancy or conviction—the motive of a spy stealing the secrets of defence of a foreign country, while being treated with regard and confidence as a guest and friend of citizens of that country, and that not for any high and patriotic purpose, but only for money. The situation is innately ugly and repellent, and we cannot conceive that any treatment, however skilful, could make it attractive. Mr. Pemberton has tried his utmost, but there is at least one reader whom he has not convinced. First of all, he has invented a fascinating spy—a woman and pretty, and next he has made her desire for money unselfish: she has a little brother at home whom she wishes to keep in comfort and to educate well. We do not find that a good or sufficient reason for playing the spy, nor can we conceive that Mr. Pemberton adds to the force or consistency of his heroine's character by pretending that she did not quite guess the extraordinary value of the secrets which she stole and sold. She is represented as far too clever in other matters not to be fully aware of what she was doing in that. But, given the situation, the story is told with admirable vigour and picturesqueness, with an unrelaxed grip of the motive, and with no hint of weariness. Marian Best is English governess in the family of the Russian general who is governor of the great fortress of Kronstadt. She has a cousin in the English Admiralty who promises from his chiefs an enormous sum if she will supply plans of the citadel and all its works and outworks. She engages to do that, and has sent some of the plans to London when she is detected. She is imprisoned by the Russians, and is finally delivered by her lover, a young Russian officer, who steams away with her in a swift yacht. They are pursued by the Russian authorities as far as London—where the solution of the situation is found. Perhaps the most spirited bit of narration is the escape of the yacht *Esmeralda* from the war-ship *Kremi*, that has as good as captured her:

"Many men had come together to the port-bow of the *Kremi*, and they stood gaping at the stranger and at her crew. The lieutenant who had first cried out, asking 'What ship?' gave the order that a gangway should be lowered; he did not doubt that it was the intention of the pursued to surrender without further effort. But those on board the *Esmeralda* were of one mind and purpose again. The grin broadened upon the face of Reuben; old John lighted his pipe with the deliberation of a man at his own fireside. Silently he waited while the crew of the *Kremi* flocked to the gangway. . . . Child's work, the Russian thought, to grapple with the impudent and perky cockle-shell which had defied so vaingloriously the might of his country. . . . When the *Esmeralda* did not stop at the gangway, but drifted on, he thought for the moment that it was clumsy seamanship; but when, with dramatic suddenness, she began to go full steam ahead, his anger was not to be controlled. 'Stand by to clear the guns!' he roared. 'Are you going to lose her? Great God, she will cheat us yet!'

He foamed and raged like a madman, for the yacht shot into the darkness as a shell from a great gun. The terrible moment of waiting was past. Inch by inch the little ship had drifted, carrying men whose hearts quivered with excitement but whose spirit was unbroken. The terror of waiting was upon them no more. They had been within a boat's length of the ladder when John cried 'Let her go!' Then all the courage of their despair fired them. As a horse champing at his bit, so was the *Esmeralda* sagging there in the trough of the sea. The rush of steam into her cylinders was the touch of the spur she asked. She bounded forward into the heart of the breakers, and a cloud of spray hid her from the enemy's sight."

The whole adventure is told with unflagging zeal, and the leper episode especially with a weird picturesqueness. And we cannot

doubt that the book will have a considerable popularity, spite of the drawbacks of the heroine. We wonder, by the way, if Mr. Pemberton knows that the great Kronstadt Citadel, the effect of which he describes so well, was mainly built by the uncle of the late R. L. Stevenson, the senior member of the engineering firm, by contract with the Czar Nicholas.

*Sowing the Seed.* By Florence Henniker.  
(Harper & Brothers.)

MRS. HENNIKER tells in this novel how Charley Crespian, the son of a wealthy manufacturer, entered the Army and made a mess of his career through gambling and a woman. The story is well observed and well told. The impact of easy-going Army society on dull, respectable manufacturing society is noted and rendered with real ability. The home of the Crespian, stately and sooty, standing on the edge of a northern town and the blighted country, with its interior conventionalities, its frightful wall-papers, is not merely made real by description but is made serviceable to the story by the art of that description. The characters, too, are distinct—Mildred, Albert Mellor, who consoled himself in his exclusion from the Army (he is lame) by reading books of tactics, Mrs. Devereux, the unhappy, fascinating, fearless grass-widow—these and other figures live in these pages. Here is a passage from the scene in which after Charley's exposure and his abortive attempt at suicide his father reproaches Major Jack Savile:

"'You never meant to do my son any harm, oh! dear no!—and it's purely his own stupid fault if he's got a lot of feeling, and takes things more seriously than most of you do. If you had cared to do so, you could have found that out. Then you knew what sort of people we were—old-fashioned, behind the times in every way, and all that. We had certain notions we'd learnt when we were young, about things being right and wrong, though we mayn't always have been quite up to the mark ourselves. We couldn't understand that we were really only fools because we didn't call evil good and good evil. We had an idea, just the same as you have, that we oughtn't to tell lies, for instance. Well, Charley, Major, has cost me thousands of pounds, gambling and betting. I don't care about the loss of that money, not a damn—I've got plenty. But he lied to me, over and over again, letting me believe he was keeping within his allowance! You needn't have preached to him, I don't believe myself in preaching, but he liked you so much!—we all did—my wife and girl and me, we did like you, and you could have done such a lot with Charley!'

Mrs. Henniker does what so many novelists nowadays do not—she takes pains and attends to detail.

#### MR. GLADSTONE IN LITTLE.

FROM a little book entitled *A Roll of Thoughts from Mr. Gladstone*, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, we extract the following sentences. They occur in Mr. Gladstone's speeches, pamphlets, and books:

One of the commonest of all vulgar errors is to mistake warmth of heart and feeling, and the directness of impression which is allied with sincerity of character, for violence of opinion.

—If we plant ourselves at an elevation sufficient to command the prospects of the moral world, we then perceive that, as in war, so in peace, the victor often succumbs inwardly to the vanquished.

He who labours for Dante labours to save Italy, Christianity, the world.

Where there is a brave and gallant spirit in a man, it commonly, and in the absence of extraordinary trials, manages to save something of time, of thought, of energy, from the urgent demands of his outer life and his bodily wants. There is the blessed rest of Sunday, a standing and a speaking witness of the truth that man does not live by bread alone.

For his own growth and development, a man should seek to acquire to his full capacity useful knowledge, in order to deal it out again according to the supreme purposes of education.

A man who can entertain a very strong, deep, and permanent attachment, who is capable of making, even once, a great effort of self-constraint and self-denial for the sake of another, and who dies of the wound that attachment had inflicted, does not represent an unrelieved depravity which constitutes the villain.

There can be no more futile, no more mischievous conception, than that faith is to be kept entire by hiding from view the melancholy phenomena of unbelief.

The love of freedom itself is hardly stronger in England than the love of aristocracy.

A successful *début*, an offer from the Minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look.

It is said, and said truly, that truth beats fiction, that what happens in fact from time to time is of a character so daring, so strange, that if the novelist were to imagine it, and put it upon his pages, the whole world would reject it from its improbability.

It is the wisdom of man universally to watch against his besetting errors, and to strengthen himself in his weaker points.

Depend upon it, a human being, if he is to grow, will find out that one of the best and most certain means of growth is that he should dwell not only in the present, but also in the future, and not only in the present and the future, but also in the past, and that is eminently characteristic of Englishmen.

Be assured that everyone, without exception, has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it.

It is by the creative powers that the poet projects his work from himself; stands, as it were, completely detached from it, and becomes in his own personality invisible. Thus did Homer and Shakespeare, perhaps beyond all other men—thus did Goethe . . . thus did Dante when he pleased.

In a room well filled with books no one has felt or can feel solitary. Second to none as friends, to the individual they are first and foremost among the "compages," the bonds and rivets of the race, onwards from that time when they were first written on the tablets of Babylonia and Assyria, the rocks of Asia Minor, and the monuments of Egypt, down to the diamond editions of Mr. Pickering and Mr. Froude.

Another purpose for books is to enlarge the mind, to brace the mind, to enable the people to find pleasure, not only in the relaxation of literature, but in the hard work, in the stiff thought of literature. The hard work of literature conveys to those who pursue it in sincerity and truth not only utility, but also real enjoyment.

Like the sun which furnishes with its light the close courts and alleys of London, while himself unseen by their inhabitants, Homer has supplied with the illumination of his ideas millions of minds that were never brought into direct contact with his works, and even millions more that have hardly been aware of his existence.

Repentance is not innocence; there must be a remedial process and until that process has been faithfully accomplished the anterior state and habit of mind cannot be resumed.

As regards everything which bears upon the higher functions and higher destinies of our nature, the presumptions are sadly against any book which issues from the press in the fatal form of three volumes, crown octavo.

Few are they who either in trade or letters take it for their aim to supply the market not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce.

For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, shall not ring in the ears of civilised man.

To think of God seldom is better than not to think of Him at all. To love Him faintly is better than to be in utter and unvarying indifference or aversion towards the Giver of all good.

Autobiographies are commonly of real interest; for every man does his best to make his own portrait a likeness.

Among the many noble thoughts of Homer, there is not one more noble or more penetrating than his judgment upon slavery. "On the day," he says, "that makes a bondman of the free, Wide-seeing Zeus takes half the man away." He thus judges, not because the slavery of his time was cruel, for evidently it was not; but because it *was* slavery.

The colours that will endure through the term of a butterfly's existence would not avail to carry the works of Titian down from generation to generation and century to century.

Poetry, the mirror of the world, cannot deal with its attractions only, but must present some of its repulsions also, and avail herself of the powerful assistance of its contrasts.

### MACAULAY ON GLADSTONE.

SIXTY years have passed since Mr. Gladstone published his first book, *The State in its Relations with the Church*, and gave Macaulay the subject for an *Edinburgh Review* essay. Now that the marvellous career, then just beginning, has reached its close, it is interesting to turn again for a moment to the well-known essay, "Gladstone on Church and State," and read what Macaulay thought of the "young man of unblemished character" who set himself to prove that the propagation of religious truth is one of the principal ends of Government, as government:

"Mr. Gladstone [writes Macaulay] seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and, indeed, exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the chorus of Clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian."

Of the book itself Macaulay says:

"It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian."

Touching upon the reactionary views which Mr. Gladstone supports, Macaulay writes:

"The truth is, that every man is to a great extent the creature of the age. It is to no purpose that he resists the influence which the vast mass, in which he is but an atom, must exercise on him. . . . Mr. Gladstone's book is, in this respect, a very gratifying performance. It is the measure of what a man can do to be left behind by the world. It is the strenuous effort of a very vigorous mind to keep as far in the rear of the general progress as possible."

The last passage reads a little strangely—sixty years after. The closing words of Macaulay's essay express accurately the feelings with which Mr. Gladstone's bitterest opponents have always regarded him.

"We have done; and nothing remains but that we part from Mr. Gladstone with the courtesy of antagonists who bear no malice. We dissent from his opinions, but we admire his talents; we respect his integrity and benevolence; and we hope that he will not suffer political avocations so entirely to engross him as to leave him no leisure for literature and philosophy."

That hope was fulfilled, for between 1838 and 1898 Mr. Gladstone's pen was rarely idle, and the pages of the British Museum catalogue and our own columns this week bear ample witness to his industry. One thing, however, Macaulay did not foresee—the enthusiastic devotion with which Mr. Gladstone inspired large numbers of his fellow-countrymen. "It would not be at all strange," he wrote, "if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England."



SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

No. 1360, New Series.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IN this number will be found a collection of Mr. Gladstone's opinions upon books, exemplifying his continuous interest in certain aspects of current literature throughout his long career.

FROM the collection of *Sonnets on the Sonnet* which has just been put forth by the Rev. Matthew Russell we take the following "Sonnet to a Rejected Sonnet," which Mr. Gladstone contributed to the *Eton Miscellany* rather more than seventy years ago:

"Poor child of Sorrow! who didst boldly spring,  
Like sapient Pallas, from thy parent's brain,  
All armed in mail of proof! and though  
wouldest fain  
Leap further yet, and, on exulting wing,  
Rise to the summit of the Printer's Press!  
But cruel hand hath nipp'd thy buds amain,  
Hath fix'd on thee the darkling inky stain,  
Hath soil'd thy splendour, and defiled thy dress!  
Where are thy 'full-orbed moon' and 'sky serene'?  
And where thy 'waving foam,' and 'foaming wave'?  
All, all are blotted by the murd'rous pen,  
And lie unhonour'd in their papery grave!  
Weep, gentle sonnets! Sonneteers, deplore!  
And vow—and keep the vow—you'll write no more!"

APPROPOS Mr. Gladstone's zeal as a book-buyer, a well-known bookseller tells how he once received an unsigned cheque in payment for the last consignment of volumes sent Hawarden. Such an incident is the very emphasis of promptitude.

THE Hon. Lionel Tollemache has kept records of a number of interesting conversations he was privileged to hold with Mr. Gladstone during recent years. The

conversations took place for the most part at Biarritz between 1891 and 1896, and ranged over a variety of intellectual, religious, and political questions, on which Mr. Gladstone's opinions were freely expressed. Mr. Tollemache has now put these conversations together in a small volume, which will be entitled *Talks with Mr. Gladstone*, and will be published in a few days by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Two biographies of Mr. Gladstone, which present him in his public and private characters, are Mr. Lucy's *The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone* in the "Statesmen Series," and Mr. David Williamson's *Gladstone, the Man*. The latter book is new, the former has just been reissued by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

WHEN the character of a man is known, as Mr. Gladstone's was, through a hundred media, why seek to find it in handwriting? Such efforts seem to us unconvincing and superfluous. Mr. J. Holt Schooling, being a graphologist, thinks otherwise; and it may be admitted that if graphology can explain Mr. Gladstone or extend our knowledge of him, Mr. Schooling has gone the right way about such a task in his little booklet, *The Handwriting of Mr. Gladstone*, which is a reprint of an article in the *Strand Magazine*. Mr. Schooling has collected examples of Mr. Gladstone's writing from 1822 to 1894, and he reproduces and arranges and compares them with that keenness which stamps the graphologist. The book is issued by Mr. Arrowsmith.

THE following passage is from *When a Man's Single*:

"There's enough copy on the board," said Penny [the foreman printer], "to fill the paper. Any more specials coming in?"  
He asked this fiercely, as if of opinion that the sub-editor arranged with leading statesmen nightly to flood the composing-room of the *Mirror* with speeches, and Protheroe [the sub-editor] replied abjectly, as if he had been caught doing it: "Lord John Manners is speaking to-night at Nottingham."

The foreman dashed his hand upon the desk. "Go it, Mister," he cried; "anything else? Tell me Gladstone's dead next."

Sometimes about two o'clock in the morning Penny would get sociable, and the sub-editor was always glad to respond. On those occasions they talked with bated breath of the amount of copy that would come in should anything happen to Mr. Gladstone; and the sub-editor, if he was in a despondent mood, predicted that it would occur at midnight. Thinking of this had made him a Conservative."

ONE obiter dictum of Mr. Barrie's, in his preface to Mrs. Oliphant's *A Widow's Tale*, is worth isolating: "Kirsteen . . . I take to be the best, far the best, story of its kind that has come out of Scotland for the last score of years."

MR. KIPLING's latest poem—in praise of torpedo-boats—was inspired by a passage in a book on that subject by Lieut. Armstrong, who is, as most people know, the editor of the *Globe*. The poem appears in

the *Windsor Magazine*. Here is one summarising stanza:

"The strength of twice three thousand horse  
That serve the one command:  
The hand that heaves the headlong force  
The hate that backs the hand:  
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—  
The mine that splits the main—  
The white-hot wake the 'wondering speed—  
The Choosers of the Slain!"

It is not Mr. Kipling at his best, but very forceful.

MEANWHILE, we observe that Mr. John Buchan in his Newdigate Prize Poem on the Pilgrim Fathers, which has just reached us in unassuming grey covers, also writes forcefully of the sea. He has prefixed to the Prize Poem three stirring stanzas addressed to the Adventurous Spirit of the North, of which this is one:

"Seal on the hearts of the strong,  
Guerdon, thou, of the brave,  
To nerve the arm in the press of the throng,  
To cheer the dark of the grave.—  
Far from the heather hills,  
Far from the misty sea,—  
Little it irks where a man may fall  
If he falls with his heart on thee."

In *The Pilgrim Fathers* Mr. Buchan is confined to the heroic metre. It moves deliberately and with dignity, as prize poems should, and, unlike many prize poems, it is truly readable.

WE have received from A. W. the following amusing note:

"Readers of your interesting article on 'The Newdigate' may care to be told of another line in an unsuccessful effort upon 'Gordon in Africa.' The poet had risen to a height of emotion in describing the horrors of Gordon's life in Khartoum, and was suddenly reminded of the religious consolations likely to be present to the great General's mind. Hence the line—a masterpiece—

'The lions were tearing him piecemeal; but he knew it was all for the best!'"

MR. EDWARD BELLAMY's death revives memories of the extraordinary success of his *Looking Backward*, which was published in this country by Mr. William Reeves in 1889. A representative of the ACADEMY had a talk with Mr. Reeves on the subject: "How many copies of *Looking Backward* did you sell?" he asked the Fleet-street bookseller.

"About one hundred and fifty thousand. We were selling as many as five thousand copies a week during the 'boom.'"

"And now?"

"Oh, we still sell a hundred copies a month."

"Now, Mr. Reeves, to whom is the credit due for introducing *Looking Backward* to English readers; in other words, how came you to discover it?"

"Well, a Mr. Bolas—I think it was a Mr. Bolas—showed us the American edition, and I read it, and liked it, and became the London agent for it."

"Then, at first, you sold only that edition?"

"Yes; at 2s. and 4s. per copy."

"But what of the English shilling edition, which stirred the Nonconformist conscience; how did it originate?"

"Well, a clergyman, who believed in the book, was going to induce another firm to print a cheap English edition —"

"Pirated?"

"Yes, actually! Of course we were indignant; and our reply was to bring out our own shilling edition."

"I see; and — er — was it pi —?"

Mr. Reeves responded with a blush that Sigismund might have envied.

It is an unwritten law of oratory that a quotation, provided it is opportune, may have any parentage, however undistinguished. Yet one hardly looks for excerpts from music-hall songs to point a speech delivered at a meeting of the Canterbury House of Laymen, and be reported gravely in the *Guardian*. Such, however, is the case. Speaking on the question of divergence in liturgical use, Mr. Athelstan Riley, in moving that a closer adherence to the form of Divine Worship presented in the Book of Common Prayer is desirable, particularly in the celebration of the Holy Communion, quoted two lines from "a popular song" to lend emphasis to his contention. The song was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

THE most emphatic snub yet administered to the interviewer is reported in a Johannesburg paper. A gentleman of the Press called upon the author of *The Story of an African Farm* for her opinions on the condition of the country. Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner refused to be interviewed, but did not, as Mr. Kipling and others do, leap on a bicycle and retreat; on the contrary, she addressed the young man thus: "I heartily condemn the modern interview. A person is ensnared into a light and superficial colloquy upon a subject which demands deep thought and mature reflection. If a man or a woman has a message to issue it cannot be uttered forcefully in one of these 'interviews.' 'Interviews' are abominations which accentuate the personality at the expense of the principle."

In an interesting letter to the *Nation* we find a fairly full account of Tennyson's indebtedness to Catullus. Thus the closing section of "Eleonore" is a free translation either of the "Ille mi par esse deo videtur" of Catullus, or of the ode of Sappho from which that poem was itself translated. The allusion in "Edwin Morris,"

"Shall not Love to me,  
As in the Latin song I learnt at school,  
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?"

is to the charming love-idyll of "Acme and Septimius,"

"Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistra ut ante,  
Dextra sternuit adprobationem."

The lines in "In Memoriam," lvi.,

"And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said  
'Adieu, adieu,' for ever more,"

seem to be a reminiscence of "Atque in

perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale," and Prof. Tyrrell has recently maintained (*Latin Poetry*, p. 115) that in the noble passage of "Tithonus," where the horses of the Sun

"shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,  
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire,"

Tennyson must have had in his mind the passage in the "Attis," where Catullus says of the rising Sun,

"And he smote on the dim dawn's path with the hoofs of his fiery chariot-steeds."

"pepultique noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus." The metrical experiment entitled "Hendecasyllabics" is "all composed in a metre of Catullus"; the metre of the "Boadicea" is an echo of the metre of the "Attis"; and a great part of the "Jubilee Ode" is written in the metre of the "Collis O Heliconii."

BESIDES these references there are the examples of Tennyson's well-known admiration, or even adoration, of "sweet Catullus," "tenderest of the Roman poets," in the poem written after his visit to Sirmaio, and in "Poets and their Bibliographies." Writing to Mr. Gladstone of the sonnet, "At Midnight," which that critic had compared with Catullus' great elegy, Tennyson replied: "I am glad, too, that you are touched by my little prefatory poem, so far as to honour it by a comparison with those lovely lines, 'Multas per terras [gentes] et multa per sequora vectus,' of which, as you truly say, neither I nor any other 'can surpass the beauty'; nor can any modern elegy, so long as men retain the least hope in the after-life of those whom they loved, equal in pathos the desolation of that everlasting farewell, 'Atque in perpetuum frater ave atque vale.'"

THE airy critics who have been summing up their contemporaries for Mr. Rothenstein's collection of *English Portraits*, which has just come to a close, conclude with Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Henry James. Mr. Graham is thus touched off:

"Mr. Cunningham Graham, an engaging blend of dandy, dreamer, and buccaneer, is a gentleman of various foibles and accomplishments. Too volatile for any one continent, he has travelled far in every direction, and has written books that are mines of wit and humour and bewildering information. He has dallied with Paraguay, and quite recently the Moors made him their prisoner. Nor is this the sole captivity he has endured. Some years ago he contracted an unfortunate habit of thinking aloud in Trafalgar-square, and the authorities sought to break him of this habit by means of imprisonment with hard labour. The culprit, always a lover of adventure for its own sake, did his time gaily, and when he came out every one — except the compositors of the Press, to whom his handwriting is a source of grave annoyance — felt very much relieved and delighted."

Apropos Mr. Graham's books, when are we to have a reprint of some of his *Saturday Review* articles? There was one a few weeks ago, called "Bristol Fashion," which Mr. Conrad might have been proud to sign.

MR. HENRY JAMES is treated with more solemnity and more metaphor:

"He is never satisfied, never weary in well-doing; 'now a flash of red, now a flash of blue,' the divine vision of a style that shall be the body and soul of life in literature hangs above him, a pendulous and evasive mirage. Hence arise the peculiarities which encourage the slipshod to be hostile, and which sometimes confound the very lovers of his work. Super-erogations mar the ease of the performance; the bricks are piled so airily that a straw brings them rattling down. These are the penalties of that intrepid endeavour to leave nothing unexplored, nothing incompletely indicated. These are the dust-stains on the brilliant, muscular hand that will not, cannot drop the tool at sundown. Yet Mr. Henry James is no loser by this feverish solicitude. He has grown to be one of the greatest men we have in letters. If you ask us where, with respect to others, do we place him? — 'Oh, you know, we don't put them back to back that way; it's the infancy of art! And he gives us a pleasure so rare!'"

It is possible that to the creator of the great Hans Breitmann belongs the credit of the song "Time for us to go." That stirring and unprincipled chanty, which as sung by Mr. Valentine, as Pew in "Admiral Guinea," is not to be forgotten, was first printed in a contribution entitled "Captain Jonas Fisher," which Mr. Leland wrote for *Temple Bar* many years ago. There Mr. Henley found it. Pew sings fragments only; this is the complete work:

"TIME FOR US TO GO.

With sails let fall, and sheeted home, and clear of the ground were we,  
We passed the bank, stood round the light, and sailed away to sea;  
The wind was fair, and the coast was clear, and the brig was noways slow,  
For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

Time for us to go,  
Time for us to go,  
For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

A quick run to the West we had, and, when we made the Bight,  
We kept the offing all day long, and crossed the bar at night.  
Six hundred niggers in the hold and seventy we did stow,  
And when we'd clapped the hatches on, 'twas time for us to go.

We hadn't been three days at sea before we saw a sail,  
So we clapped on every stitch we'd stand, although it blew a gale,  
And we walked along full fourteen knots, for the barkie she did know,  
As well as ever a soul on board, 'twas time for us to go.

We carried away the royal yards, and the stuns'le boom was gone,  
Says the Skipper, 'They may go, or stand; I'm darned if I don't crack on.  
So the weather braces we'll round in, and the trys'le set also,  
And we'll keep the brig three pints away, for it's time for us to go.

O, yardarm under she did plunge in the trough of the deep seas;  
And her masts they thrashed about like whips, as she bowed before the breeze;



And every yard it buckled up like to a bending bow;  
But her spars were tough as whalebone, and 'twas time for us to go.

We dropped the cruiser in the night, and our cargo landed we,  
And ashore we went, with our pockets full of dollars on the spree.

And when the liquor it is out, and the locker it is low,

Then to sea again in the ebony trade 'twill be time for us to go.

Time for us to go,

Time for us to go.

Then to sea again in the ebony trade 'twill be time for us to go."

Whether Mr. Leland composed this fine effort, or merely reproduced it, we cannot say.

THE Celtic Renaissance again. The case of the Inverness sergeants who are to be supplied with a Gaelic dictionary has already been referred to in the ACADEMY. And now, in the House of Commons, the Lord Advocate has been plied with questions as to Gaelic text-books for schools; and quite recently a School Board in the North dismissed a teacher because of his inability to teach "ta Gaelic." But the most startling evidence of this Celtic Renaissance comes from Oban. A gentleman there has received a letter from a Celt in England suggesting—so it is announced—that with a view to familiarising Gaelic music and Gaelic songs to English ears, half-a-dozen of the best Gaelic singers in Scotland should make a tour throughout the principal Lancashire towns, and possibly go through England, and give a series of Gaelic concerts. The scheme would, it is urged, be a "great success," not only from the Celtic academic standpoint, but also from the Celtic financial point of view. There are doubters, however, who question whether the "English people will turn out to hear Gaelic singers," thereby displaying what the redoubtable Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have termed "glimmerings of reason."

THE Brontë Museum at Haworth will be the richer for the sale of the late Miss Ellen Nussey's effects last week. Fragments of Charlotte Brontë's handwriting on envelopes and elsewhere fetched good prices; and even certain of her letters copied by Miss Nussey brought a few pounds. A piece of Charlotte's hair, and a piece of Anne's, formed one lot, and some weapons used in the defence of Cartwright's mill another. It was, indeed, a great time for the resurrectionists.

AMONG unnecessary books we are constrained to include the edition of *The Blessed Damozel*, which Messrs. Duckworth & Co. have just issued. The poem is accessible enough in editions of Rossetti; and unless it is assisted by designs of great beauty or an introduction of great charm, we cannot see the advantage of padding it out to fill such a volume as this, wherein Mr. MacDougall's designs have not great beauty, nor Mr. W. M. Rossetti's introduction great charm. Mr. Rossetti begins thus: "The pen or the partiality of a brother is not needed for saying that the poem, if con-

sidered simply from the poetical point of view, ranks as highly remarkable among the works of very juvenile writers"; and thus he ends: "It was the brightest jewel in the circle of his youth; and none that he added in his prime has bedimmed its lustre, or (to use a more colloquial expression) has 'taken the shine out of it.'"

THE railway to be constructed between Connel Ferry, on the Callander and Oban line, and Ballachulish (the contracts for which have now been completed) will open up a portion of northern Argyllshire rich alike in scenic grandeur, in historical interest, and in literary associations. After crossing Loch Etive at Connel Ferry, the line will skirt Achnacree Moss, under a cairn in which Ossian is said to be buried, while to the east stand the venerable ruins of the ancient Priory of Ardhattan. The vitrified remains of the Celtic city of Beregonium, believed to date back to the fourth century B.C., are in the route of the railway which, after crossing Loch Creran, traverses the rugged Appin country, a portion of "The Country of Kidnapped." The northern terminus of the new line will be at Ballachulish, in the vicinity of which occurred the Appin murder.

Hitherto the seaboard of the district has been well served with steamers, but inland, except to a few pedestrians, the country has been to a large extent unknown.

WE quoted a little while since the reply of an American writer to Mr. Lang's strictures on the treatment by America of English authors visiting that country. The reply contained an invitation to Mr. Lang to come and see America for himself. In the current *Longman's* Mr. Lang refers to this matter. "Alas," says he, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Like this hospitable author, I make a real distinction between visitors who come to make money by talking, and visitors who come for human pleasure." I could not pretend to regard my 'talk' as an equivalent for dollars, and the American public might take the same view, above all if, as is too probable, they could not hear the talk, the talker being 'roopy,' as Steerforth said about David Copperfield."

WE are glad to see that the S.P.C.K. has taken the hint to obtain from M. Maspero a list of the passages in *The Struggle of the Nations* which he thinks might be retranslated with advantage. Of these corrections they now give a table, and they will be carried into the text of all future editions. In the note, by M. Maspero, prefixed to them the true reason of the former corrections is given, and turns out to be—not the desire to make M. Maspero's statements square with orthodoxy, but—a wish to make the pages of the English edition correspond with those of the French. We adhere to our original view, that all the alterations so made are utterly unimportant.

THE late Mr. James Payn's Chinese novel, *By Proxy*, has just been re-issued in sixpenny form by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

WE clip the following from the "Agony," column of last Tuesday's *Times*:

"NOTICE to the PUBLIC.—Whereas a false statement is being circulated through the Press to the effect that the NEXT PUBLISHED WORK by MARIE CORELLI will bear the TITLE of 'The Sins of Christ,' the said Marie Corelli publicly denies the assertion, and herewith informs her readers and the public generally that this REPORT has NO FOUNDATION IN FACT. Owing to her recent grave illness and subsequent enforced rest, Miss Marie Corelli will publish no work whatsoever this year, but when she is again able to produce a new book it will be (as in all her other works) designed to uphold the Christian faith, which faith she acknowledges and obeys.

(Signed) MARIE CORELLI.

May 22, 1898."

IN its '98 form *Phil May's Summer Annual* is not equal to some of its predecessors. The artist is neither at his best nor funniest. But this, to the purchaser unacquainted with the previous issues, need be no deterrent. We quote one of Mr. May's legends: "The Mayor of Middle Wallop (who is interested in the decoration of new theatre): 'Oo's that gentleman you're painting?' Artist: 'That is William Shakespeare.' The Mayor: 'As 'e ever done anything for Middle Wallop?' Artist: 'No, sir, not that I am aware of.' The Mayor: 'Then paint 'im out, and paint ME in.'"

WITH the June number *Cassell's Magazine*, which has lately grown much in vigour, begins a new volume. Among the special features are a new novel by Mr. Joseph Hocking and a series of criminal episodes told by Mr. E. W. Hornung.

THE poster is to have its organ, named after itself—*The Poster*. This will be a sixpenny monthly magazine, devoted to the pictorial and literary illustration of the posters of the world. The first number, due early in June, promises attractive fare, including reproductions in full colours of posters by Mucha and Yendis, and black and white illustrations by Messrs. John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Louis F. Rhead, Frank Chesworth, Albert Morrow, Stewart Browne, Lucien Faure, Beggarstaff Bros., "Pal," and others. Nor will there be any lack of literary matter. This will include an article on "Caran d'Ache in London."

ADMIRATION for Ian Maclaren has in New York come to this:

"THE  
BONNIE BRIER BUSH  
SCOTCH WHISKY.

The finest possible quality, very old.  
Price 1 dol. 75 cents per bottle."

What will come next? The John Watson Temperance Tracts?

THE next dinner of the New Vagabonds will be held on June 16, when Mr. H. D. Traill will be the guest of the evening. Mr. Anthony Hope will preside.

## MR. GLADSTONE AS READER AND CRITIC.

### HIS LITERARY OPINIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE helped to make many authors famous. He read everything that came into his hands, and, with piles of volumes about him, he cried out continually for more. Lord Beaconsfield said of himself that he wrote a book when he wanted to read one; and there is attributed to his pen a stock letter he is supposed to have sent to authors who forwarded him their books—a letter in which he equivocally said he “would lose no time in reading them.” As a matter of fact, Lord Beaconsfield rarely acknowledged a volume from a stranger.

Mr. Gladstone frankly liked people to give him books, and he generally took the trouble to tell them so. If it was not a letter, it was a postcard, that the happy author got, generally to the great gain of the publisher.

For Mr. Gladstone's was a name to sell by, especially—let the irony be noted—in the case of fiction. He gave *John Inglesant* a gay life of sales, if a short one; *Middlesex* is still indebted to his introduction for new friends; in the author of *Robert Elsmere*, as fifty years earlier in the author of *Ellen Middleton*, he discerned “the true preacher in the guise of a novelist, and in the vestments of the female sex”; and he had a hail-fellow-well-met for Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian*. Many of the literary opinions of Mr. Gladstone ran to the length of magazine articles, or, like his appreciation of Dean Hook's memoir, were offered in lectures. Such pronouncements have their place in volumes. The collection of his briefer literary opinions that follows, though bulky, is, of course, not complete; perhaps from their pigeon-holes many readers may be able to produce for us similar missives, withheld from publication, for various reasons, during the writer's life.

### SHELLEY AS “THE MISERABLE ONE.”

In the *Quarterly Review*, in 1845, Mr. Gladstone contributed a long review of *The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White*. Mr. Gladstone's most frequent quotations of poetry at this period were from Shelley, and he classes the poet, who wrote of himself as “the miserable one,” among those “opponents of the Christian faith who do not disguise the bitterness of the fruits which they have reaped from the poisoned seed of their false imaginations”:

“Shelley tells us of himself, in those beautiful verses written, in dejection, near Naples:

‘Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,  
Nor peace within, nor calm around.’

And he indicates in the ‘*Alastor*’ that the utmost he hoped to realise was:

‘Not sobs nor groans,  
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,  
But pale despair and cold tranquillity.’

Mr. Blanco White was happily distinguished from Shelley in so far that, with his understanding in part, and with his heart less equivocally, he even to the last embraced the idea of a personal or quasi-personal God, whom he could regard with reverence and love, and to whom he could apply, with whatever restriction of the signification of the words, that sublimest sentiment of the Christian soul:

‘In la Sua volontade è nostra pace.’

Yet the only element of positive consolation which, so far as we can discover, cheered his later days, was the notion that there was something ‘ennobling,’ something ‘very dignified in a human being awaiting his dissolution with firmness!’ But neither had he joy on this side of the grave, nor any hope that would bear his own scrutiny on the other. For of the first, he repeatedly tells us that to live was torment, that he dreaded the idea of any improvement in his health, that nothing but the conviction of the criminality of the act kept him from self-destruction. Of the second, again, it is indeed true that his affections still struggled against the devouring scepticism of his understanding; and, as he had formerly tried to persuade himself of the doctrine of the Trinity, so he tries to persuade himself to the last that he will in some way exist after death. ‘God cannot,’ he says, ‘have formed his intellectual creatures to break like bubbles and be no more.’ But others, as far advanced as himself in the destruction of faith, have made efforts as vigorous to keep some hold of some notion of immortality. Thus Shelley has written with great force:

‘Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which  
knows,  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning?’

### NOVELS WITH A PURPOSE.

Mr. Gladstone permitted the publication in *Merry England* of an article on Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *Ellen Middleton*, which he had written forty-five years before. In the course of a long article, which gave rise to considerable discussion on account of its implied advocacy of the Confessional, Mr. Gladstone said:

“It is a work that, to be appreciated, must be known in its details, in its eloquence and pathos, in the delicacy and fulness of its delineations of passions, in its always powerful and generally true handling of human action and motive. It is a rare treasure to find the mastery of all human gifts of authorship so happily combined with a full and clear apprehension of that undying faith in Catholic integrity by which the human race must ultimately stand or fall. A narrative can scarcely be otherwise than moving in which we see the blossom of rare promise nipped before it reaches maturity. But what avails the raising of barren emotions which lead to no genuine effort? There is, however, a class of works in which they may lead us by some forced or sudden turn to Him who is our home—some heart of high capacity for weal or woe, having conceived a profound sentiment of love, and having so fed the passion as to absorb into it all its strength and substance, then, when it has been shipwrecked, droops and dies along with it. Such is the love of Lucy Ashton for the Master of Ravenswood; such, too, is the love of Corinne for Oswald. What tears up the plant tears up the soil along with it. These are not mere flat recitals of the vanity of the world. They teach us a great lesson of our nature, its capacity for finding the end of life in another, and not in that middle point of

self, where sin has placed it, and where sin would irrevocably fix it. This, and nothing less than this, is the aim of the present production.”

### “QUEEN MARY.”

It was in acknowledging a copy of “Queen Mary” that Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Tennyson the letter pronouncing Queen Elizabeth “a great theologian”:

“11, Carlton House-terrace:

June 30, 1875.

MY DEAR TENNYSON.—It was most kind in you to send me the book; and I wish I had or could have anything to cap it with that would not seem like a mocking echo. However, I am going to reprint in a volume my recent tracts, and I shall perhaps make bold to send them to you. Perhaps we may appear in the ‘Index’ together. I cannot but be glad that, in turning to historic times, you have struck a note for the nation. For my own personal share, I have found my interest in your work on this occasion enhanced and cumulated by the novelty of form and by having to enjoy a careful historic study. It must have cost you great pains to qualify for such an assemblage of portraits, of whom five or six, at least, are of personages whose names never can be effaced from our annals, nor do I know that Mary, Philip (in England), Gardiner, or Cranmer have ever yet been fully drawn. The two last are still in a considerable degree mysteries to me! Was Cranmer a great weak man? Do great and weak contradict and include one another? He was certainly weak, I think, in the everlasting fluctuation of his opinions; for surely fluctuation of opinion had much to do with the six recantations. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was to my mind one of the great theologians of the period (who were exceedingly few) as well as the greatest among women-rulers. I think you may not dislike the following sentence from Jeremy Collier upon Cranmer at the stake: ‘He seemed to repel the force of flames, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought.’ My judgment is worthless; but I heartily congratulate you on the poem, on the study, and on the grace and ease with which you move in new habiliments.

Ever sincerely yours,  
W. E. GLADSTONE.”

### A MEMORIAL BIBLE.

During the Caxton celebration in 1877, a memorial Bible, printed at Oxford, bound in London, delivered at the South Kensington Exhibition buildings within twelve consecutive hours, was described by Mr. Gladstone in a speech as “the climax and consummation of the art of printing.” He further said:

“This volume was bound, as you see, and stamped with the arms of the University of Oxford. It is a Bible bound in a manner that commends itself to the reader; I believe in every respect an excellent piece of workmanship, containing more than one thousand pages. Well, you will say, ‘That is very commonplace; why bring it before us?’ I do so in order to tell you that the materials of this book sixteen hours ago did not exist. The book was not bound, it was not folded, it was not printed. Since the clock struck twelve last night at the University Press in Oxford, the people there have printed and sent us this book to be distributed here in the midst of your festival. They have sent several copies, one of which will be presented to the Emperor of Brazil, who has just left our table. This shows what can be done, and what has been done, and it shows the state to which this great art is now happily arrived.”



## "MAUD."

"No one but a noble-minded man would have done that," said Lord Tennyson in 1878, when Mr. Gladstone, recanting his original opinions about "Maud," wrote the following letter:

"I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling which had reference to the growth of the war spirit in the outer world at the date of this article [*Quarterly Review*, 1855] dislocated my frame of mind and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination. Whether it is to be desired that a poem should require from common men a good deal of effort in order to comprehend it; whether all that is put into the mouth of the soliloquist in 'Maud' is within the lines of poetical verisimilitude; whether this poem has the full moral equilibrium, which is so marked a characteristic of the sister-works, are questions open, perhaps, to discussion. But I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power; and, what is worse, I have failed to comprehend rightly the relation between particular passages in the poem and its general scope. This is, I conceive, not to set forth any coherent strain, but to use for poetical ends, all the moods and phases allowable under the laws of the art, in a special form of character, which is impassioned, fluctuating, and ill-grounded. The design, which seems to resemble that of the Ecclesiastes in another sphere, is arduous; but Mr. Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater. Even as regards the passages devoted to war frenzy, equity should have reminded me of the fine lines in the latter portion of X. 3 (Part I.), and of the emphatic words V. 10 (Part II.):

'I swear to you, lawful and lawless war  
Are scarcely ever akin.'  
W. E. G., 1878."

## ROME'S RECRUITS.

To the compiler of a list of seceders to the Roman Catholic Church, issued first in a periodical, then in pamphlet form:

"Hawarden: Oct. 11, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for sending me *The Whitehall Review* with the various lists of secessions to the Roman Church. I am glad they have been collected, and I am further glad to hear they are to be published in the form of a pamphlet. For good, according to some, or for evil, according to others, they form as a group an event of much interest and significance. It would very greatly add to the value of the coming pamphlet if an approximate statement of dates could be made part of it. To give the year in each case would probably be very difficult; but would it be difficult to give decades? Say from 1820 or 1830. Even to divide yet more largely would still be useful; as thus:

(1) Before 1840; (2) 1840-60; (3) since 1860. It would also be matter of interest to note: (1) The number of peers; (2) of members of titled families; (3) of clergy; (4) of Oxford men; (5) of ladies.

You will, I am sure, excuse this suggestion, and again accept my thanks.—I remain, your very faithful

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## CARLYLE'S "HERO-WORSHIP."

In a lecture delivered in 1879 in the village of Hawarden on "The Life of Dr. Hook," Mr. Gladstone said:

"Mr. Carlyle had written a book of extraordinary ability called *Lectures on Heroes*, and

in this he named as a hero, among others, Napoleon. Now he was not prepared to admit that Napoleon was a hero. He was certainly one of the most extraordinary men ever born. There was more power concentrated in that brain than in any brain probably born for centuries. That he was a great man in the sense of being a man of transcendent power, there was no doubt; but his life was tainted with selfishness from beginning to end, and he was not ready to admit that a man whose life was fundamentally tainted with selfishness was a hero. A greater hero than Napoleon was the captain of a ship which was run down in the Channel three or four years ago, and who, when his ship was quivering and the water was gurgling round her, and boats had been lowered to save such persons as could be saved, stood by the bulwarks with a pistol in his hand, and threatened to shoot dead the first man who endeavoured to get into the boat until every woman and child was provided for. His true idea of a hero was this. A hero was a man who must have ends beyond himself, must cast himself as it were out of himself, and must pursue these ends by means which were honourable and lawful, otherwise he might degenerate into a wild enthusiast. He must do this without distortion or disturbance of his nature as a man, because there were cases of men who were heroes in great part, but who were so excessively given to certain ideas and objects of their own that they lost all the proportion of their nature."

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

In an article on Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal*, Mr. Gladstone said, in 1889:

"Any book must be noticeable which opens a new chapter in the experiences of human nature, or which adds a page to a chapter already opened. Such a condition is at once satisfied by this book. It can even be pronounced a book without a parallel. It has to be judged, like the poems of Homer, from internal evidence; and, like the human infant, it comes into the world utterly unclothed. This is not a book which will reward the seeker of mere pleasure. Wonder it will stir, but not confidence; admiration, but not quite a loving admiration. Mdle. Bashkirtseff perhaps repels as much as she attracts."

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF—AND AFTER.

The *Biography of Sonya Kovalevsky*, by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanella; translated by A. de Furuhielm and A. M. Clive Bayley, and published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, revived in Mr. Gladstone some of the interest he had expressed in the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. To the publisher he wrote from Hawarden, July 3, 1895:

"The biography has also reached me, and, at once beginning to peruse it, I have found it a volume of extraordinary interest. It is in itself a large chapter of human psychology. The two works [the volume, it will be remembered, consisted of two memoirs—one by the Duchess, the other by Sonya] also present a great deal of salutary warning."

CURRENT BIOGRAPHY.

To Mr. Thomas Archer, acknowledging a copy of his *Gladstone and his Contemporaries* in 1883:

"Hawarden Castle, Chester.

SIR,—I thank you for your obliging gift. I am sensible of the high honour you have done me in giving my name the front place upon a

title which embraces a wider and worthier subject, and I do not doubt that I shall find in your pages a valuable contribution to contemporary history.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your very faithful and obedient.

W. E. GLADSTONE."

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

*John Inglesant* was one of the books that Mr. Gladstone "sat up all night to read," and when Mr. Shorthouse edited and prefaced George Herbert's *Temple*, Mr. Gladstone wrote, in 1882, stating that he had been familiar with these poems for a period of sixty years.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

To the publisher of the *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*:

"10, Downing-street, Whitehall:  
Good Friday, April 11, 1884.

DEAR MR. MACMILLAN,—I read through the whole of the *Life of Maurice* which you were so kind as to send me. The picture of him as a Christian soul is one of the most touching, searching, and complete that I have ever seen in print. He is indeed a spiritual splendour, to borrow the phrase of Dante about St. Dominic. His intellectual constitution had long been, and still is, to me a good deal of an enigma. When I remember what is said and thought of him, and by whom, I feel that this must be greatly my own fault. My main object in writing to you, however, is to say a word for Bishop Blomfield, with regard to that untoward occurrence—the dismissal from King's College. The biographer treats the Bishop as virtually one of the expelling majority. And this on the seemingly reasonable ground that, as it appears, the Bishop was the author of or a party to the expelling motion. But he was an impulsive man, too rapid in his mental movements, and a man not ashamed to amend. I think I can bear testimony not only that he was satisfied with my amendment, but that he would have been well pleased if it had been carried; in a word, that if he had ever taken the ground of the Radstock-Ingles majority he had abandoned it. I should be glad if it were thought right, in any reprint, to say a word to this effect, or let it be known at any rate that such an opinion is entertained.—Yours most faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

CHEAP MACAULAY.

To Messrs. Cassell about their 3d. issue of Macaulay's "Warren Hastings":

"GENTLEMEN,—I have received with pleasure your attractive reprint of Lord Macaulay's article on 'Warren Hastings.' This reprint at the low price of threepence affords a new and gratifying indication of the place which the enterprise and capital of this country may hope prospectively to occupy in the great book trade of the world.—I remain, Gentlemen, your faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden, January 7, '86."

BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED HIM.

To the editor of the *British Weekly* was sent the following "literary confession," in Mr. Gladstone's handwriting, on a postcard:

"It is understood that Mr. Gladstone is accustomed to cite Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante, and Bishop Butler as the four authors by whom he believes himself to have been most influenced (W. E. G., June 25, 1887)."

## THE NEW "LOOKSLEY HALL."

Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* (Jan. 1887) Mr. Gladstone said:

"The nation will observe with warm satisfaction that, although the new *Looksley Hall* is, as told by the Calendar, a work of Mr. Tennyson's old age, yet is his poetic eye not dim, nor his natural force abated. The date of *Waverley* was fixed by its alternative title '*Tis Sixty Years Since*'; and now that Tennyson gives us another *Looksley Hall* 'after sixty years,' the very last criticism that will be hazarded, or if hazarded, will be accepted, on his work will be that it betrays a want of tone or fibre. For my own part I have been not less impressed with the form than with the substance."

## MR. LECKY'S HISTORY.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for June, 1887, Mr. Gladstone had a review of the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. The following is a suggestive passage upon what Pitt and the eighteenth century might have been had not the French Revolution interfered with both:

"Mr. Lecky has been bountiful beyond the ordinary practice of historians in presenting us with a summary of what the eighteenth century might have been 'if the fatal influence of the French Revolution and of the war which it produced had not checked, blighted and distorted the natural progress.' We should probably have had from it, he thinks, the abolition of the slave trade, a reform of Parliament, the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and an immense reduction both of debt and taxation. 'The great industrial transition' might have been accomplished with comparatively little suffering, but for the famine price of corn and the absorption of the mind of Parliament; 'and it was the introduction from France of the revolutionary spirit into Ireland that for the first time made the Irish problem almost insoluble.' So far as regards the use of the potential mood, I cannot but agree closely with the historian.

The list of benefits which were in view might probably, and the list of evils which have had to be encountered might certainly, be enlarged. The mournful contrast is summed up in what there is a temptation to call the cruel destiny of Mr. Pitt. Never perhaps in history was there such a solution of continuity as that which severs his earlier from his later life."

## "ROBERT ELSMERE."

In an article on "Robert Elsmere and the Battle of Belief," in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1888, Mr. Gladstone said:

"It is a novel of nearly twice the length, and much more than twice the matter, of ordinary novels. It dispenses almost entirely, in the construction of what must still be called its plot, with the aid of incident in the ordinary sense. We have, indeed, near the close a solitary individual crushed by a waggon, but this catastrophe has no relation to the plot, and its only purpose is to exhibit a good deathbed in illustration of the great missionary idea of the piece. The *nexus* of the structure is to be found wholly in the workings of character. The assumption and the surrender of a rectory are the most salient events, and they are simple results of what the actor has thought right. And yet the great, nay, paramount function of character-drawing, the projection upon the canvas of human beings endowed with the true forces of nature and vitality, does not appear to be by any means the master-gift of the authoress. In the

mass of matter which she has prodigally expended there might obviously be retrenchment, for there are certain laws of dimension which apply to a novel, and which separate it from an epic. In the extraordinary number of personages brought upon the stage in one portion or another of the book, there are some which are elaborated with greater pains and more detail than their relative importance seems to warrant. *Robert Elsmere* is hard reading, and requires toil and effort. Yet, if it be difficult to persist, it is impossible to stop. The prisoner on the treadmill must work severely to perform his task; but if he stops he at once receives a blow which brings him to his senses. Here, as there, it is human infirmity which shrinks; but here, as not there, the propelling motive is within. Deliberate judgment and deep interest alike rebuke the fainting reader. . . . The book is eminently an offspring of the time, and will probably make a deep, or at least a very sensible, impression; not, however, among mere novel readers, but among those who share, in whatever sense, the deeper thought of the period."

## "GREAT THINKERS AND WORKERS."

To Mr. Robert Cochrane, who presented him with a copy of his *Great Thinkers and Workers*, a volume of brief biographies, issued by W. & R. Chambers, with the remark that the absence of his name arose from the fact that politics were excluded:

"October 20, 1888.

SIR,—I thank you very much for your volume, which promises to be of great and varied interest; and I thank you also for the trouble you have taken in your letter, but I can assure you that I do not rate highly my own claim to appear in such distinguished company.—Yours, &c.,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell* was noticed in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1889. Mr. Gladstone wrote of it:

"The singularly characteristic correspondence in which he has unconsciously limned himself for posterity. . . . It is a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion, he was an ethnagogue."

## DR. INGRAM AND THE IRISH UNION.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1887, Mr. Gladstone reviewed, in a long article of severity quite unusual with him, the *History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland*, by Dr. Dunbar Ingram. The review closed and culminated in a passage of formidable censure:

"In his loud and boisterous pretensions, in his want of all Irish feeling, in his blank unacquaintance with Irish history at large, in his bold inventions, and in the overmastering prejudices to which it is evident that they can alone be ascribed, in his ostentatious parade of knowledge on a few of the charges against the Union, and his absolute silence, or purely perfunctory notices, on the matters that most profoundly impeach it—in all these things the work of Dr. Ingram is like a buoy upon the sea, which is tumbled and tossed about by every wave, but remains available only to indicate ground which should be avoided by every conscientious and intelligent historian."

## A NOVEL OF DIVORCE.

In February, 1889, Mr. Gladstone sent to the *Nineteenth Century* a note on the American novel, *Divorce*, by Margaret Lee; afterwards published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan under the title *Faithful and Unfaithful*:

"I desire to draw attention to a short novel by an American lady, Margaret Lee, which will, as I hope, be published forthwith in England. Its American title is the single word *Divorce*; but as this is thought not to convey its aim with sufficient distinctness, it is likely, I believe, to be enlarged into *Divorce*; or, *Faithful and Unfaithful*."

After drawing attention in a page of print to the conditions of marriage and divorce upon which Margaret Lee's story is based, Mr. Gladstone returned briefly to the book itself, remarking:

"It is with great gallantry, as well as with great ability, that Margaret Lee has ventured to combat in the ranks on what must be taken nowadays as the unpopular side, and has indicated her belief in a certain old-fashioned doctrine that the path of suffering may be not the path of duty only, but likewise the path of glory and of triumph for our race."

## CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

It was the high opinion Mr. Gladstone entertained of *Chambers's Encyclopedia* that led him in the autumn of 1889 to contribute the article on "Homer" to the new edition.

## EGG-COLLECTING.

To Mr. R. Kearton, acknowledging his book on *Birds' Nests*:

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your book, and have been examining it with the utmost interest. I have little or no knowledge in natural history, but have just sense enough to lament it, and to urge the pursuit upon others, and especially the young, according to their opportunities. All I regret in reading your notices is that you are so conscientiously brief. Let me thank you much for your courtesy. Also let me contribute a widow's mite—what in Scotland they call the Blue Hare turns to pure white in winter, and courses on the snow almost invisible.—Yours faithfully,

W. E. G.  
10, St. James's-square;  
24th March, 1890."

## THE PLATFORM.

Among the "noticeable books" reviewed in the *Nineteenth Century* in April, 1892, was Mr. Henry Jephson's *The Platform: Its Rise and Progress*, of which Mr. Gladstone said:

"Mr. Jephson could not, perhaps, have found a better designation for his novel and hardy undertaking, which is nothing less than to exhibit a political history of his country in constant and close association with the gradual development of a power that has had a main share in framing it."

## EMANCIPATED WOMEN.

To Madame Adèle Crepaz, author of *The Emancipation of Women*, published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., in their Social Science Series:

"10, Downing-street, Whitehall:  
3 Oct., 1892.

MADAM,—I recently found that I had had the honour to receive, possibly from yourself,



your tract on *Der Frauen Emancipation*. The German type is somewhat trying to my failing eyesight, but I could not resist at once reading it, and, having read it, I cannot resist offering you more than a merely formal acknowledgment. And this is not merely because my mind inclines strongly to agree in your foundation-argument, but because, apart from mere concurrence in this or that special remark, it seems to me by far the most comprehensive, luminous, and penetrating work on this question that I have yet met with. My great grief is this—speaking for my own country only—that while the subject is alike vast and profound, it is commonly treated in the slightest and most superficial, as well as sometimes in the most passionate manner. In such a region it is far better, as between opposite risks, to postpone a right measure than to commit rashness to a wrong one. To save us from this danger what we want is thorough treatment, and you have given it the most thorough treatment which I have yet seen applied to it. You have opened up many new thoughts in my own mind, but I cannot follow them out. I only wish the treatise had been open to my countrymen and countrywomen in their own tongue. For this and other subjects I deeply regret the death of J. S. Mill; he had perhaps the most open mind of his generation.—I remain, Madam, with high consideration, your faithful servant,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

FRA PAOLO SARPI.

To the Rev. Dr. Alex. Robertson, of Venice, about his book, *Fra Paolo Sarpi*:

"Hawarden Castle: Nov. 16, 1894.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for your very interesting work on Father Paul, which reached me to-day, and which I have at once commenced. I have a very strong sympathy with men of his way of thinking. It pleases me particularly to be reminded of Gibbon's weighty eulogy upon his history. Ever since I read it, I think over forty years ago, I have borne my feeble testimony by declaring that it came nearer to Thucydides than any historical work I have ever read. It pleases me much also to learn that a Sarpi literature has appeared lately at Venice. If you were so good as to send me the titles of any of the works at all worthy of their subject I would order them; and I should further be glad if you would, at any time thereafter, come and see them in a library, with hostel attached, which I am engaged in founding here.—I remain your very faithful,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

HISTORY.

To Messrs. Cassell about their *History of England*:

"SIR,—I have to thank you for the volume which has just reached me. On a first inspection I find in it much beautiful work; and believing history to be in no small degree the sheet anchor of society, I view with much pleasure your efforts to spread the knowledge of it far and wide throughout the community.—Yours,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

GOSPEL HISTORY IN FICTION.

To the Author of *As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect*; A.D. 54:

"I have read with great and unexpected interest the volume you were so kind as to send me. It brings into series many of the latest acts of our Saviour's earthly life. Unhappily I have no means of judging from this place (Cap Martin) whether and how far it is sustained by any external authority in such supplemental material as it associates with the Gospels."

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

To Mr. Harold Frederic about his *In the Valley*:

"It has a great historical interest from its apparently faithful exhibition of the relations of the different nationalities and races who were so curiously grouped together in and about the State of New York before the War of American Independence."

PIERS PLOWMAN.

To the publisher of *Piers Plowman*, by J. J. Jusserand, translated from the French by M. E. R.:

"April 27, '94.

While still an invalid (I am now writing from my bed), I have received the *Piers Plowman* which you have so kindly sent me. I am reading it with extreme interest, and I beg you to accept my best thanks, and to excuse the form in which they are conveyed."

TWO MEMORABLE NAMES.

Mr. Elkin Mathews recalls that on two occasions did Mr. Gladstone criticise books issued by him. Soon after the appearance of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's work on *The Poetry of Tennyson*, he wrote expressing his "pleasure at this fresh tribute to Lord Tennyson's genius."

Again, when in 1894 was issued a second edition of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge's *The Sanctity of Confession*, Mr. Gladstone, in a private letter, expressed the opinion:

"I have read the singularly well-told story. It opens up questions both deep and dark. It cannot be right in religion or anything else, to accept a secret which destroys the life of an innocent fellow-creature."

ON "DODO."

It will be remembered (says the *British Weekly*) that when Mr. Benson's clever novel *Dodo* appeared, rumour said that the original of *Dodo* was Miss Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith. The letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Miss Tennant on the subject is one of the most interesting of his which we possess. His view of the matter is an excellent summary of the impossibility of the likeness:

"Before I had made progress in the book, I absolutely acquitted the author of all, even the faintest, idea of a portraiture. 1. It would be too odious. 2. It would be too violent. 3. It would be too absurd. Some mere rag of casual resemblance may have been picked off the public road. Do you happen to remember that one time I used to be identified in caricature through extravagantly high shirt collars? Anyway it was so; and I think the illustration, if hardly ornamental, may indicate my meaning. At the same time I have always held, and hold firmly, that anything out of which we may extract criticism or reproof, just or unjust, can be made to yield us profit, and is less dangerous than praise."

DANTE'S INFLUENCE.

Mr. Hermann Oelsner's essay, "The Influence of Dante on Modern Thought," which gained the Cambridge Le Bas Prize in 1894, and was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, called forth the following letter:

"Cannes, Feb. 20.

DEAR SIR,—I have now to thank you for your essay on the influence of Dante, with the

advantage of knowing its contents. I am agreeably surprised at the amount of information you have brought together, and it has yielded me much pleasure, with, I hope, much profit. The antipathy of Goethe seems to me a point worth probing in detail. So also the curious passage, 'Io non gli spersi,' which I have, too hastily it may be, been accustomed to regard as associated with a defect in Dante. It seems to me most remarkable that the study of Dante should decidedly have gained ground in England during a period in which Italian studies generally have so miserably fallen off.—I remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,  
(Signed) W. E. GLADSTONE."

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.

To Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., regarding their *Royal Natural History*:

"DEAR SIR,—You have truly conceived my opinion respecting the immense advantage of teaching 'Natural History' in some at least of its branches. I thank you for the beautiful volumes you have kindly sent me; and I trust I may take their publication as a sign that this subject is increasingly attracting the close attention which it deserves.—I remain, dear Sirs, your faithful and obedient,  
Jan. 5, 1895. W. E. GLADSTONE."

SEEKING AFTER GOD.

To Messrs. Blackie about their *School and Home Library*:

"May 28, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the volumes you have sent me, which appear to be very well adapted for their purpose. I cannot but recognise the utility of the design which you describe. In its execution I am tempted to hope that you may not be compelled absolutely to confine your list to secular subjects, although I see clearly that if you go beyond it great care will be required to avoid everything which can be called polemical and to put forth nothing except what will be sure to command a wide acceptance. Excuse the liberty I have taken.—I remain, dear Sirs, your very faithful servant,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

THE SPEECH OF MAN.

To W. R. Gray, publisher of *The Speech of Man and Holy Writ*:

"DEAR SIR,—Through you I desire to thank the author of *The Speech of Man* for his interesting volume, which I am reading with great interest. If speech was only radical human invention how could it have happened that an ancient language like the Greek (still more, as I understand, the Sanscrit) should be so superior in structure to our own, and, though we call it dead, should be the repository to which we repair when we want a new living word for any purpose?—Your faithful and obedient,  
January 5, 1895. W. E. GLADSTONE."

"THE BALKANS."

To Mr. W. Miller, on his book *The Balkans*, he wrote under date September, 1896:

"The portion relating to Montenegro redeems us from something like a national disgrace in not having in the English tongue any history of the most heroic people in Europe."

LIFE OF GENERAL GORDON.

Of this Life, written by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, and published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Gladstone, in 1896, said he had "examined it with interest"; he reserved comment, and paid a tribute to Gordon's "nobleness."

## MR. MORLEY'S "COBDEN."

To Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher of this memoir of his father-in-law:

"Hawarden: June 23, '96.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for your Jubilee edition of the Cobden Life. I think the publication is a great act of gallantry on your part. . . . The biographer is one of the few remaining faithful. Still, I do not think our Statute Book will go back to Protection.—Yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## CARDINAL MANNING.

To the author of the *Life of Cardinal Manning*:

"Biarritz: Feb. 6, 1896.

DEAR MR. PURCELL,—The plot has thickened by the publication of Mr. Sydney Smith's article in *The Month*, an article thoroughgoing in its advocacy, but not (I think) unkindly intended. I regret, however, to find that it drags me at three points into the controversy. They are:

1. The declaration of 1848, pp. 25-8.  
2. The conversation respecting those who had seceded, p. 282.

3. Words of mine respecting Cardinal (then Mr.) Newman from your i. 243.

On the first.

1. My words are given with substantial accuracy; but, I added, or should have added, as it balanced the statement, that not less clear than his conviction of the Church of England's Catholicity, was his sense of the futility of any claim to obedience founded on mere establishment.

2. The reviewer imagines that Manning also spoke of difficulties and perplexities. According to my recollection, not a word.

3. He thinks Manning signified his doubts in 1846 when he spoke of a belief that the 'Church would split.' The deplorable (and I think hardly warrantable) destruction of his letters forbids a scrutiny. But I am confident he did not mean by this that one of the portions would join the Church of Rome.

4. He says that in 1850 Manning questioned the accuracy of my recollection in replying to me. Here again it is said that we have no means of reference to his letter. When I get home I may learn whether mine throw light on the matter. For the present I will only say I have a firm recollection that in 1850 he did not dispute it.

On the second.

1. It is true I reported Manning's having said to me of the Oxford converts that they were marked by 'want of truth.' Unless I am mistaken, Mr. W. Meynell (whom I mention with sincere respect), or a friend of his, could supply evidence corroborative of my statement.

2. I am made to say I 'advisedly withheld this story during the Cardinal's lifetime.' It is true that when you had applied to me for information about Cardinal Manning, I advisedly withheld both this statement and the preceding one. But I said nothing during the Cardinal's lifetime. I meant to withhold them permanently. My reason was this: you had applied to me, in no controversial sense, for information; and I did not think it fair to burden you with either the publication or the suppression of information which was in my view damaging to the cause you had in hand.

3. A question is raised as to the date of the words spoken. I recollect with the utmost clearness the room in which they were used. It was my private room in a house which I only began to inhabit in 1848; so that the occurrence could not have been earlier.

4. The reason I gave for my inquiry was that he had a considerable personal knowledge of Oxford (which I only visited twice between 1832 and 1847), and of these in many cases remarkable men; I had hardly any. It would therefore have been absurd as well as ill-natured in me to charge them with want of truth.

5. Both these incidents have been named by me, at various times since they occurred, to a limited circle of friends.

On the third.

I am sorry the reviewer has widened this controversy, already wide enough, by referring to very strong words used by me (in a private letter) about a statement of Cardinal (then Mr.) Newman's. For though I could not claim to be his friend, I received from him much kindness, and his character attracted affection as his genius commanded admiration. The words were written not when he had shown signs of moving, but in 1841, soon after Tract 90. It was a time of excitement and alarm. But I am sorry to say that, from my recollection of the occasion, I conceive the words to be in substance capable of defence.

It is more agreeable to me to turn to the modest claim advanced by the reviewer on behalf of Cardinal Manning in his closing sentence. I am well aware of the immense difficulties attending all human efforts to pass judgment on a complex and also a great character. But I fully subscribe to the reviewer's demand, and at some points of the large compass of the subject should even be inclined to heighten it.

Beyond this you are aware that I renounce, for what I think strong reasons, all attempts to pass sentence in this case. I also desire to avoid everything after the Anglican life, as I have no wish to be an intruder upon a province necessarily controversial, and where I have no special information. Speaking of the years before 1850, I have been not merely interested by your biography, but even fascinated and entranced. It far surpasses any of the recent biographies known to me: and I estimate as alike remarkable your difficulties and your success. Precise accuracy of judgment in such cases is hardly attainable by man; but in my opinion the love of truth as well as high ability is found throughout. To the Church of England, from which you differ, you have been, while maintaining your own principles, generous as well as just; and I cordially thank you.

I remain, dear Mr. Purcell, sincerely yours.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

## BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

Mr. Gladstone took the greatest interest in every detail of the publication by Mr. Frowde at the Clarendon Press of his edition of Butler's works and his studies subsidiary thereto. In one letter (Nov. 16, 1896) to the publisher, he said:

"An American clergyman writes to me, 'No one who becomes saturated with the spirit of the *Analogy* can be seriously disturbed by current forms of unbelief.' Profoundly true, *me judice*. I believe much has been done in Ireland for Butlerian study. I wish it were known at Oxford."

## HIS FEARS ABOUT HIS IMPRIMATUR.

To M. Tissot, about his *Life of our Lord Jesus Christ*:

"Hawarden Castle: December 4, 1896.

DEAR M. TISSOT,—The two communications I have already made I hope have shown that I was not insensible of the great honour you have done me in proposing to dedicate to me the work of whose high character I had already heard much. But I am glad to have another

opportunity of writing on the same subject after seeing, as I have now done, the work itself; so that, notwithstanding my defective eyesight, I can at least in a measure appreciate not only the pious and historic simplicity of its aim, but its severe purity, and its rich and signal beauty. This, however, has raised a scruple in my mind which I think it right to mention. It is my candid opinion that in associating my name with your work you will do it less than justice, and perhaps in some quarters even expose it to positive prejudice, an incident which I should cordially lament. Pray consider this, and remember that my full and unreserved assent, which you possess, in no way binds you; and that, if you find the use of my name will be in any manner of degree injurious, you will then forbear from using it. The loss of a real distinction cannot for a moment weigh with me, when compared with the idea of disparagement to a monumental work conceived and executed for the honour of our Lord and Saviour.—Allow me to remain, with great and unfeigned respect, yours most faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## SIGHT AND FAITH.

To Messrs. J. Clay & Sons, on an edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*:

"Hawarden: July, 6, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you with more than a formal meaning for a beautiful copy of the *Prayer Book*. My sight, since an operation for cataract, has been practically dependent on the effective projection (so to speak) of the type from the page, especially in defective light: and my intention is to substitute your gift for the *Prayer Book* (of large and clear type) which I have hitherto had in use.—I remain, yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## "LIFE OF CHRIST."

To the Rev. J. Duggan:

"Mr. Gladstone, with his respectful compliments, begs to thank the Rev. J. Duggan for his *Life of Christ*. The series of the earlier chapters appear to him to be of great value."

## "STEPS TOWARDS RE-UNION."

To the Rev. J. Duggan on a volume since withdrawn:

"I take the liberty of sending you my cordial thanks for a work which I have begun at once, and which appears to be conceived in so large and just a spirit.

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## THE RENANS.

To Lady Mary Loyd, the translator of *Memoir and Letters of Ernest and Henriette Renan*:

"I have read the whole of it and have found it to be of peculiar and profound interest."

## "THE REDS OF THE MIDI."

To Mr. Heinemann, as publisher of this book by Félix Gras:

"August 13, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great and sustained interest *The Reds of the Midi*, which you were good enough to present to me. Though a work of fiction, it aims at presenting the historical features, and such works, if faithfully executed, throw more light than many so-called histories on the true roots and causes of the Revolution which are so widely and so gravely misunderstood. As a novel it seems to me to be written with great skill.—Yours very faithfully, and with haste,

W. E. GLADSTONE."



## MARRIAGE.

To Miss E. R. Chapman, acknowledging her book, *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction*:

"Cannes: March 15, 1897.

DEAR MADAM,—Your work reached me yesterday, and I have been reading it alike with pleasure and profit. I hope it may become the nucleus of a distinct defensive action from your point of view. If you had leisure to acquaint yourself with the view of marriage as it stands in *Homer*, you would, I think, find it useful and interesting.—I remain, with many thanks, faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## "MADEMOISELLE IXE."

The great vogue of this first number of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pseudonym Library," by Lanoë Falconer, received fresh impetus from the knowledge that Mr. Gladstone had read the volume with peculiar pleasure—at one sitting, it was alleged. The facts were derived from a letter written by Mrs. Drew.

DR. JOHNSON.

To Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill on his *Johnsonian Miscellanies*:

"No presentation can be more acceptable to me than one which conveys a supplemental knowledge of Dr. Johnson."

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

To Messrs. George Bell & Sons, as publishers of the *Animal Life Readers*, designed to inculcate the humane treatment of animals:

"I thank you much for the series of manuals you have sent me. I do not think myself qualified to give an opinion of them from the point of view of natural history; but from that of moral training the case is a little different. I will not say that children are cruel, but, among us at any rate, they have in them something which opportunity or bad example is too apt to develop into cruelty, and works which give them a kindly view of their animal fellow-creatures are likely to be of real value to them as instruments of moral training."

BURNS.

To Mr. Wallace, editor of Dr. Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*:

"April 12, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—I accept with very best thanks the copy of the Chambers's Burns which you have been so kind as to offer me. I do not feel wholly able to solve the Burns problem, which Lord Rosebery has handled with so much ability and courage, but I recognise the deep and singular interest that attaches to the questions concerning him.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## "EN ROUTE."

To Mr. C. Kegan Paul, the translator of Huysmans' novel:

"Hawarden Castle.

DEAR MR. KEGAN PAUL,—It is most kind of you to send me this latest product of your literary labours; and though my mind has been and is much exercised in other directions, I am sensible that the work of M. Huysmans is no timid or commonplace production. It places the claims of the *Route* through mysticism higher I think than any other book I have read; and by this fact alone it imposes modesty and reserve upon all critics from outside and from a

distance. I will go no further than to say that all pictures of La Trappe are profoundly interesting, while I admit that I find myself stumbling a little here and there, as for instance when I come to the list of sins 'common to all men' in p. 191. I am glad that you do not find that commercial claims upon your time cripple you in this higher activity, and I remain with many thanks, faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## THE NOVELS OF MR. HALL CAINE.

The following are Mr. Gladstone's comments on books written by Mr. Hall Caine and published by Mr. Heinemann:

"*The Bondman* is a work of which I recognise the freshness, vigour and sustained interest, no less than its integrity of aim."

"I congratulate you upon *The Scapegoat* as a work of art, and especially on the noble and skilfully drawn character of Isaac."

Of *The Manxman*: "Though I am no believer in divorce, I have read with great admiration of the power which gives such true life to Manx character."

*The Christian*: "I cannot but regard with warm respect and admiration the conduct of one holding your position as an admired and accepted novelist, who stakes himself, so to speak, on so bold a protestation of the things which are unseen as against those which are seen and are so terribly effective in chaining us down to the level of our earthly existence. I cordially hope your work may have all the results with a view to which it has obviously been composed."

## "INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

To the publisher of this book, by Mr. William White:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for a very interesting work. My first-known door-keepers were Pratt and Williams, paid by fees from the members; one tall, the other short, but both with snow-white (or powdered) hair and florid faces. I am only sorry Mr. White's recollections do not extend over a longer period. Mr. McCarthy (for whom I have the greatest regard) has fallen into a slight error about my maiden speech. It was noticed in debate in a marked manner by Mr. Stanley, who was in charge of the Bill.—I remain, with many thanks, your very faithful

May 15, '97."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

## PURE FABLES.

## CURIOUS.

In the spring he gave them poesy. And they said, "This man hath indubitable gifts. He rhymes well, thinks delicately, and knows his way to the profound emotions. And yet, and yet, and yet—he is not of the company!"

So that next autumn he hazarded a volume of prose. And they said, "Now here we have a true poet!"

## THE OTHER PARTY.

A man called upon the gentle reader and offered him condolences on the ethereal mildness of criticism, the reckless overproduction of books, and the hypothetical standards of value set up by authors and publishers.

And the gentle reader answered softly, that he was much obliged, but that these

things really didn't concern him, because he read for pleasure only, and never read anything that was not supplied from the libraries.

## REASONABLE.

"This is, no doubt, an excellent work," quoth the publisher, "yet I am afraid the public would not buy it."

"I never suggested that they would," replied the author. "Indeed, if one may be candid, the thing was written for Posterity."

"That being the case," observed the publisher, "why not get Posterity to print it?"

## INSIGHT.

"Ah, my friend, I keep my best thoughts for myself!"

"So I had imagined."

"You have the gift to understand."

"I don't know about that; but I read your books!"

T. W. H. C.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Now and again Pierre Loti leaps into view, a consummate artist, a master of style and fiction, so fine, so finished, so ethereal and exquisite, so subtle and suggestive, as to compel us to regard as coarse and obvious writers of only a lesser degree of distinction. But for each rare masterpiece, how many washy water-colours, how many thin, feeble, and monotonous reveries, dissertations, half dramas, little futile sentimentalities and maundering laments! Loti, alas! lacks self-restraint. His art is so artless and unconscious that he cannot tell the difference between pathos and bathos, between passion and hysterics. Nobody has ever touched the depths of sorrow with so sure, so delicate a hand; nobody in his sentimental moods has ever written more idiotic rubbish. In the writing of both he is equally himself, for he is always the dawdling sentimental egoist—accidentally and unconsciously a supreme and magnetic artist. Contrast the pathos, the exquisite charm, of *Ramuntcho*, with the thin, intolerable twaddle of *Matelots* (just published). The one is as sincere an expression of Loti's individuality (the most unsatisfactory on God's earth, being in part that of an idiot and a winged super-sensitive writer) as the other. The end of *Ramuntcho* leaves you incapable of speech, so inadequate is the spoken word after such illimitable suggestions of the lovely written word. *Matelots* is a thin, maudlin, and dreary assault upon the emotion of pity—quite needlessly evoked. The hero is a young man who continually returns to his mother from foreign ports to cry "Mamma! show me the little tunic, the shoes and cap I wore as a child." He weeps when he sees them, and spends hours dreaming hazily of his quite ordinary childhood. Such a youth needed a tonic or a hiding. His death, the

end of a vague and futile career, is told with some of Loti's old charm:

"He suffered little, but he was so feeble, with an increasing, profound, irremediable weakness. He had faintnesses agitated by dreams, exhausting doses that bathed him in sweat. Death had begun its work in his head, the piteous break-up, the ironical return to the ideas and affections of childhood. Constantly he recalled the things of the beginning of his life, and remembered them with a morbid intensity that became a double sight.

On the contrary, images of women and love ceased to appear. I know not for what reason, perhaps very darkly physical, these images died the first in a memory also ready to die. Forgotten for the present the young girl of Rhodes, who, every evening in the month of June, came down to him to the old deserted port, drawn by the velvet blackness of his eighteen years old glance; forgotten the fair Canadian who, for a while, had made him love an isolated street in a suburb of Quebec; forgotten all! Only of Madeleine did he still think from time to time, because his love for her had been more complex, more amalgamated to that great mystery of the human mind which we call the soul; it happened that he sometimes still saw her pallid face and her young eyes of shadow, or heard again her timid crepuscular confidences, in the little mournful alley, beneath the lindens in bloom, under the fresh leafage upon which the warm rain of the April evenings played."

Now and then—alas! too rarely—the author recalls the old Loti in an erotic suggestion of environment. Writing of the sailor's departure from an Eastern port, he says, with some of his old music and colour:

"It was the very same crepuscular instant of his arrival, the same surprising illumination of red soil and green leafage; the same scents, the same yellow passers-by who, before disappearing into their little houses under the branches, silently turned one last time toward the departing stranger their little enigmatic eyes. In the odorous humidity, beneath the oppressive trees, it was ever the same warm and languid life so foreign to us. And all these things, that John departing gazed upon, seemed conscious of having once more breathed death upon a wanderer from France."

M. Demolins, who lately so eloquently proved to the humiliated French the substantial reasons for Saxon superiority, is now inflicting further humiliation on his race by a fierce and bitter indictment against the classic vine. M. Jules Lemaitre comes to the rescue by the flighty suggestion that M. Demolins is a morose drinker of water. But a man may gladly drink wine at another race's expense and still contend that vine-growing is disastrous to a nation's progress. M. Demolins' arguments have nothing whatever to do with the virtue of temperance. On the contrary, he maintains that the distillers are more useful citizens than the wine-makers, since the making of brandy involves larger interests than that of claret. "The vine has never engendered big races of men," says M. Demolins, "that is men capable of taking the initiative in the great movements of humanity, of placing themselves at the head of economical, political, intellectual evolutions." The vine, M. Lemaitre bitterly sums up, leads only to emigration towards the liberal and sterile professions, administration, bourgeois pre-

tensions; developing in a large measure the equalising, democratic (in the worst sense), discontented and stay-at-home spirit in the French.

"The vine," laments M. Lemaitre, "engenders idleness, vanity, egoism, harshness towards relatives, scepticism, envy, irony, and an infamous taste for functionarism. It is anti-industrial and anti-colonial; it kills initiation and enterprise. To use an expression of Bossuet's, God gave us wine as a valueless present, and one of the causes of the legendary superiority of the Anglo-Saxons is that 'they have none in England.'"

But it is easy to see that M. Lemaitre, himself a native of Touraine, loves the little Touraine wine-grower from whom sprang his beloved Rabelais, Balzac, Paul Louis Courier, and would far rather be a stay-at-home and amiable, ironical egoist with these, than cultivate beer and conquer the world with the knock-me-down Anglo-Saxons.

H. L.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### HOW MR. GLADSTONE ORDERED BOOKS.

Every second-hand bookseller who has had dealings with Mr. Gladstone is proud of the fact. None prouder than Mr. Menken, of Bury-street. Asked by a representative of the ACADEMY when he had his first dealing with Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Menken replied: "In 1889. He walked suddenly into my shop to obtain a book I had catalogued."

"And were you very much surprised to see him?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Menken laughing; "I had seen and heard him before. In particular, I had heard him speak at the Caxton Exhibition. I shall never forget that; one would have thought that he had made the life of Caxton and the art of printing his sole study all his life, so well informed was he and so in earnest. And, by the way, Mr. Gladstone's interest in printing was not a transitory one. Look here, at this catalogue returned by him. 'I offer five guineas for this.' You see? His own words, and the book is a German collection of facsimiles of early printed pictures. The book, you see, was priced six guineas by me. 'I offer you five guineas for this.' Did he get it? O dear, yes."

"Mr. Gladstone always insisted on a 10 per cent. discount, did he not?"

"Always; he was a cash buyer."

"Well, did you often have him in here?"

"No. He became one of my best customers by post. I sent him my catalogues. He returned them marked, as you see these are. Now look at this one. It is one of the best orders I had from Mr. Gladstone. He has written on the cover:

"Please send if subject to 10 % dis. for cash—

1. The marked lots to me, % Hawarden Carrier, Red Lion Inn, Chester.

2. Except No. 395, No. 631: send these to me by parcel addressed % J. Colman, Esq., M.P., Corton, Lowestoft.—Your obt. servant, W. E. Gladstone, Hawarden, July 14, '91, with thanks for your kind words."

"Now look at that!" exclaimed Mr. Menken, radiant with recollection, look at it! What detail, what system. Actually he puts the "M.P." to Mr. Colman's name, lest it should be omitted. And the numbering! And the italics! You see he wanted most of the books at Hawarden, but there were two he could not wait for—he wanted them at once."

"Just so. Now what were the two books that Mr. Gladstone could not wait for?"

"Well, you've asked a question, and the answer will interest you. It really seemed that he was thinking both of this world and the next just then. For the two books were Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial* and a *Guide to Suffolk*. You see, he was going to Suffolk to stay with Mr. Colman, and now—he has gone on a longer journey. Well, he was a marvellous man."

The "marked lots" in the above catalogue numbered about sixty, and Mr. Gladstone's purchases were of the most varied character. Probably many of the books were intended for St. Deiniol's Library. Among them were works on Anthropology, Political Economy, Sculpture, Ecclesiastical Vestments, Physiology, &c., and collections of Epitaphs and Proverbs.

THE week before a public holiday is rarely productive of books of importance. But the present week has seen the publication of Prof. Schenk's work on the pre-natal determination of sex. We review this work in our present issue. Judge O'Connor Morris's new work, *Ireland 1798-1898* is to some extent a continuation of the author's *Ireland 1494-1868*; but here the narrative is continued in much greater detail. Lady Newdegate-Newdigate's *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor*, and Mrs. Hinkson's new volume of poems, *The Wind in the Trees*, lend distinction to the week's output of literature.

## DRAMA.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

A CURIOUS convention underlies the current types of "Musical Comedy" associated with the management of Mr. George Edwardes. The action must at once be strictly modern and brilliantly pictorial—two conditions which seem at first sight to exclude each other in an age of top-hats and frock-coats. How to obtain his modernity and his colour both is the problem the librettist is called upon to solve, and it is interesting to recall the devices adopted towards this end. In "A Gaiety Girl," the first piece of this series, a bevy of young ladies entertained a party of uniformed guardsmen, and afterwards the whole party were transported to the Riviera to indulge in the frolics of the Carnival. "The Shop Girl" was a more laboured achievement. But a certain pictorial effect was derived from exhibiting the interior of a silk warehouse with its many-hued samples of goods; and a fancy bazaar held in South Kensington completed the



picture. In "The Geisha" the public were transported to Japan, where the adoption of European dress has not yet killed native colour, and "The Circus Girl" permitted the exhibition of the various costumes of the circus performer. With each succeeding piece of this pattern, however, it is obvious that the problem of colour becomes one of increasing difficulty, the scope afforded the costumier under modern conditions being so limited, and I own I was curious to see how Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Harry Nicholls in their new production at the Gaiety would cope with it. The story of "The Runaway Girl" opens in Corsica, a *terra incognita*, where the peasants can be made as picturesque as a group of Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses, and still without incongruity have thrown into their midst a party of Cook's tourists. This, it will be owned, is ingenious, and from the pictorial point of view it is perfectly successful. The second half of the piece, however, is not so novel. Venice, to which the hero and heroine elope, followed, of course, by all the other characters from Corsica, is very well, but it recalls the Riviera of "A Gaiety Girl," and a carnival at Venice is necessarily not very unlike a carnival at Nice. Still, for the time, the authors of "The Runaway Girl" have turned their difficulty with considerable adroitness, and passed on the colour problem, in a more complex form than ever, to their successors should there be a further demand on the part of the public for examples of musical comedy of the "Gaiety Girl" type.

WILL there, in fact, be such a demand? I imagine the success of "The Runaway Girl" leaves no doubt on that point. Until the production of this piece, Mr. George Edwardes, who is credited with keeping his finger on the public pulse, appears to have been in two minds on the subject, seeing that at Daly's Theatre, which he controls as well as the Gaiety, he has arranged that "The Geisha" shall be succeeded by a musical piece of a different pattern, written upon a pseudo-classical or ancient Greek theme. This, of course, is only a reversion to the practice of twenty or thirty years ago, when a brilliant group of burlesque writers, comprising Henry J. Byron, the Broughs, Reece, and Burnand dug their subjects out of the inexhaustible pages of Lemprière. But in what direction can the dramatist, serious-minded or frivolous, turn for novelty? The drama moves in cycles, which may be said to occur at the rate of two or three to the generation, and the pseudo-classical theme has been too long absent from the play-bills not to be welcomed again if presented in a reasonably attractive form. At the same time I imagine there is still a future for musical comedy of "The Runaway Girl" type which is in every respect an improvement upon the methods of the variety or go-as-you-please entertainment which it superseded some years ago, and which is still kept alive by Mr. Arthur Roberts, whose comic genius finds it a congenial medium. Before leaving the question of the colour convention, I would point out what could hardly have been anticipated

theoretically, how well the male costume of the present day, particularly the much reviled chimney-pot hat, lends itself to picturesque treatment. Its resplendent black is a wonderful relief to the eye amid a blaze of reds, yellows, and greens. That a typical Englishman should be flinging himself about in a wild dance in a tweed suit, patent-leather shoes, and a black silk hat under a Corsican sky is, of course, absurd, but the artistic effect is not to be despised. Nor is the typical Bond-street millinery out of place in a rich scheme of Southern colour with a backing of blue Mediterranean! What scene or what community will the librettist of musical comedy next lay under contribution? It is hard to say. The Cockney tourist may still, I presume, be captured by Riff pirates, or turn up at the Court of Persia or Abyssinia, or even in China, which would be an agreeable variant upon the well-worn theme of Japan.

MEANWHILE, the *genre* may be said to take a new lease of life with "The Runaway Girl," not the least sympathetic or interesting of the various "Girls" that Mr. George Edwardes has placed upon the stage. For these qualities she is much indebted, no doubt, to her impersonator, Miss Ellaline Terriss, one of the daintiest of the actresses of this school. The little heroine runs away from school in Corsica and joins a band of wandering minstrels. In her gipsy character she meets and falls in love with a young English aristocrat; whence the series of adventures which culminates in the happy union of the lovers in Venice. *Inter alia*, the band of minstrels, picturesque ruffians with mandolines and a *leit-motif à la Wagner* have to be reckoned with, and their mercenary persecution of the hero for robbing them of their charming recruit, constitutes the one dramatic element of the story. But, in truth, story in a piece of this kind counts for much less than the incidentals of song and dance and variety turn with which it is studded. Ingeniously enough, provision has been made for all the more noted members of the Gaiety Company, and the opportunities that the authors have failed to invent for them they will, no doubt, in due time create for themselves. Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. Bradfield, and Miss Ethel Haydon belong to the tourist section of the cast. Miss Katie Seymour is a lady's maid, and her attendant cavalier, that natural droll, Mr. Edmund Payne, appears as a horsey little Cockney pretending to be a courier; Mr. R. Nairby is a fussy Italian consul, and Mr. Monkhouse and Miss Connie Ediss play at being minstrels. Over the whole, Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. Lionel Monckton, working upon the neatly turned lyrics of Mr. Harry Greenbank and others, throw the charm of melody. In this respect the musical comedy stands far higher than the old-fashioned burlesque, for which an ingenious conductor was accustomed to make a hash-up of the popular melodies of the day; it does boast an original score, which often attains a high degree of excellence. Miss Terriss's sentimental ballads are pleasant; Mr. Edmund Payne has an

amusing ditty, "Follow the Man from Cook's"; and a stirring martial song, "The Soldiers in the Park," which will soon be on all the barrel-organs, is sung by Miss Ethel Haydon.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the production of "The Runaway Girl," Mr. Arthur Roberts has revived at the Lyric a piece called "The Modern Don Quixote," in which he was first seen some years ago. The title-character, it need hardly be said, has nothing to do with Cervantes' hero. It is a pretext for a string of Mr. Arthur Roberts's impersonations, all as amusing as they are incoherent, and comprising an elaborate parody of Frégoli and the other "quick-change artistes" recently in vogue. The piece, if piece it may be called, exists for Mr. Arthur Roberts, not Mr. Arthur Roberts for the piece. So long as there are what Mr. Gilbert calls irresponsible comedians of the Arthur Roberts type, so long shall we have mad medleys of this sort which belong to no recognised class of dramatic work. It is a very light and very entertaining *olla podrida* with catchy airs, which a musician might characterise as jingle, and as a comic singer and mimic Mr. Arthur Roberts is unrivalled. As a one-man entertainment it might here and there flag during the three hours that it runs. This danger is provided against by the employment of Mr. W. H. Denny and others, who keep the ball rolling while Mr. Arthur Roberts is off the stage.

J. F. N.

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MR. M. OPPENHEIM is preparing for the Navy Records Society a complete and revised edition of Sir William Monson's *Naval Tracts*. For this, the text, which, as published in Churchill's *Voyages*, is very inaccurate, will be carefully collated with the different available MSS., among which are to be mentioned

those in the Bodleian Library, now generously lent by the curators to the British Museum for Mr. Oppenheim's use.

MR. BRET HARTE will contribute to *Cassell's Magazine* for June a complete story, entitled "Salomy Jane's Kiss," and the same issue will contain the first of a new series of stories by Mr. E. W. Hornung.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN, who has made a special study of the subject, will contribute a paper to *Chambers's Journal* for July on the new volume of the Scottish History Society, "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," edited by Mr. Fitzroy Bell. The volume is in the hands of members this week.

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